



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

# **Dominus vobiscum: or, The sailor boy**



600067848\$







# DOMINUS VOBISCUM;

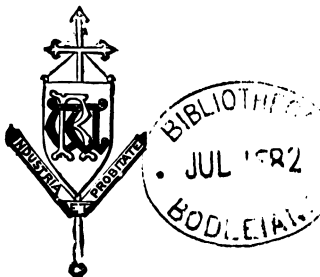
OR,

## THE SAILOR BOY.

*A STORY FOR CHILDREN.*

BY

F. B. DREW BICKERSTAFFE DREW.



R. WASHBOURNE,  
18 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1880.



### A. M. D. G.

I LAY this at the feet of those Holy Angels who do always behold the face of Our Father that is in heaven, and who on earth fight ever on the side of little children in the Holy War : that by their ceaseless intercession, some grain of good may be given by God to each reader of these pages, and may spring up bearing glorious fruit.





# DOMINUS VOBISCUM;

OR,

## THE SAILOR BOY.

---

### CHAPTER I.

“It was the winter wild.”

All the whole land lay dead, and robed for her burial in a universal shroud of snow. The pine-trees stood out black against the leaden sky, and there was no sound of beast or bird. The sad throstles sat disconsolate and dumb upon the naked boughs, the lark no more outpoured her song at the heavenly gate, nor longer did the woodlands echo back the dove's most sweet complaint: all mourned together over the dying year, for his days were drawing to a close.

Only seven more mornings would he, the Old Year, see the sun break feebly forth, late appearing, and hard struggling for the

mastery with the dreary fogs ; only a few more times might the silver moon lay her mild glory over the sleeping earth. It was the eve of Christ's nativity.

Old Christmas Eve had come once more—come this time decked out in all her solemn trim, and all the rivers of the land stood still in reverent silence to greet her coming, and the Lord who came of old with her.

It was late evening, and long ago the puny sun had fainted in the grey heavens, falling down drearily into the impatient night : the waning moon had already risen up to peer ghostly down on the shuddering earth ; the deathly silence of winter night, only more utterly still than the stillness of winter day, was fallen upon us.

Come with me ; away from your great cities, away from your warm ease, out into the chill night. Let us leave far behind all the homes of men, and take our way across the desolate wolds. Here is not any sound at all, not even your weary moaning of the starven sea. God has laid His royal hand upon all things, saying : "Hush, for the

hour is very sacred : listen to the voices that in silence are heard the best."

And then, across the great gulf of twenty centuries, comes rolling up, solemn and sweet, most wildly glad, the once-sung, forever-echoed, song of the Holy Angels ; the angelic symphonies ring in our eager ears, and stir well our thoughtful hearts, to the memory of that first Christmas Eve, long, long ago, when the old things were done away, and all things began at once to become new.

Very sweetly ring those glad hosannas over the silent land, white-robed for the great festival, over the great, awful forests, where pines alone wait darkly vested for the Christ that is to be, and all other trees have cast away their summer glory in eager, longing emulation of that Divine Humility that then put off the heavenly majesty to take our meaner dress.

Ay, very sweetly to those who will but listen. Alas ! shame on us, O my brothers, how few of all us in this great England listen to the old song of the angel cohorts ! We have other thoughts, sordid and mean,

and most un-Christlike, and these shut out those glorious harmonies: the best of us who remember a little what Christmas means, have but a selfish joy.

Come out into the night: here, on the terrible wolds, where no path or road shows for the great white pall, where only chilly death threatens for him who tarries long, struggles a fair boy.

Not a score of times has Christmas come to him; he is but a slim youth, a boy in voice, and heart, and face. And he is come home from long voyaging on the trackless sea, for many months has he looked up at night-time towards other constellations than ours, beheld more wildly prodigal splendours of land and sea; great wonders in the deep has he seen, and grown to marvel at no more. There, where the palm lifts high her hands to heaven, and "the almond-trees do flourish, and the locust is made fat;" where emerald isles are set in sapphire seas, and golden sand-belts gird them round; where all fragrance steals on the listless gale, and all beauty smiles beneath the royal sun, there has he wandered far. Strange beasts

have prowled around him as he slept at night, strange birds by day have fluttered scarlet wings, and glories of blue and gold and green above his head, singing strange melodies; beneath his feet, as he sailed the idle seas, have strange and great fishes flashed through coral forests more divers-hued than they. And now he is come back.

Dull, leaden skies, and a world all one chill white, are his instead, and he loves the unequal change.

It is the old country of his race, and to no other land will he go out, and say: "Here I will dwell." For the old is better. Old friends, and wine, and fatherland, all are the best.

And so at the Christmas time he comes again to his own people, who eagerly await, some with many tears, his home-return.

Yesterday he left the sullen sea; and since, with face turned steadfastly in, away from her thunderous roar, he has pressed bravely homeward. But snows have held him back and made the road hard to find, so that at last the old coach has given up, and for the

last dozen miles he will have to struggle on afoot.

For three hours has he been trudging, as he hopes, across the wolds; as he fears, around and around them. It is hard to be thus baulked, so near the journey's end, and the youth becomes impatient, and so becoming, pays less heed to the way, so that he wanders far from it, away from the broad cart-road, up slopes and down into little dips and hollows, until he is dazed and weary.

"I will sit down and rest a bit," he thinks; but a voice within cries:

"Do not so, for you will sleep—and here, to sleep is death!"

It is very dark, and the moon is often blurred by the banks of snow-clouds; often all heaven and earth are blent into one great black obscurity. A little longer he struggles on, and once more the longing to lie down and sleep steals over him. Again the voice of his angel bids him have courage and be a man, and then, rising once more out of a sheltered hollow, and coming again on to the open wold, he sees, as it seems, far off a little ruddy light.

With head again erect, and firmer tread, the boy makes for the friendly gleam that shines steady and warm and sure ; he draws more near, and against the leaden sky a yet darker bulk stands out.

He is at the door and knocks, but no one answers : he knocks again, his heart wildly beating in feverish hope and fear. Suppose the house is empty and made fast : is he to stand out in the cold, right at the very threshold of a comfortable dwelling-place ? But no ; why then the light ? Only it is late, and those within have gone perhaps to rest, and they are hard to rouse.

So he knocks louder, but no one answers. He lays his hand upon the lock, it turns, and, creaking, the door opens as he presses against it.

It is a very small space in which he finds himself, but, groping around, he feels another door which also yields and opens to him. Then he sees again the ruddy light, and looks around.

At first the light seems very dim, and he can hardly see more than the crimson flame itself ; but little by little his eyes grow used



to the soft glimmer, and out of the darkness one thing stands plainly forth.

It is the crucified Jesus.

---

## CHAPTER II.

AND over the mind of the boy passes a full flood of long-forgotten memories. He sees again a far-off southern land where cactus-flowers bloom, and vast rivers sweep down from unknown hills, over-arched by gloomy groves of enormous tropic ferns and towering palms. He feels again upon his cheek the odorous breath of sandalwood, and hears once more the long, low sighing of the dreaming sea upon a coral shore. And beneath the almond-groves he sees a small church of the Catholic Mission, he hears its tinkling bell as it sounds over the blue waters; and with his most dear friend he enters again, in vivid recollection, the low-arched door; the kneeling throng of dusky mild-eyed Indians, the incense-odour, the clear song of the singers, the glimmering candles, and the great Christ outstretched upon the cross—all rise up again from the

undisturbed recesses of his heart. And then a sharper, sadder memory : he calls to mind how they parted, he and the friend that had been no less dear to him than a brother. And that which had severed them has parted each dearest one from his own true friend, since ever the world began—death.

He will not think of the cruel fever and the raging thirst, but only of the welcome rest, of the weary eyes so sweetly closed “after long toil and pain,” of the smiling silent lips, and the grave in that sapphire sea.

And then all fades away, and the present only lives. There is the dead Saviour lifted up that He may draw all men to Him ; there is the bowed head and blood-stained brow, the dripping side, and, over all, the mild radiance of that crimson lamp.

It is also a Catholic chapel—the first that he has ever entered since that on the Southern Seas, where he wondered at the beauty, and thought “if only it were true !”

He kneels down, he knows not why, and gazing on the agonised Jesus, pours forth a

prayer of passionate earnestness for the friend who had been of this faith. Never, till now, had he felt near the dead in spirit ; but at this moment it seems but a little way, not far from that dim place to where the boy at rest waits patiently.

It is wrong, perhaps, he thinks of a sudden—wrong to pray for the dead ; none but the Catholics do it, and they are poor, fond holders of an ancient superstition ; he must do it no more, but he has done it once, none teaching him but God—for, O my children, God is very impatient of our puny logic, and in our hearts He has set a more glorious light of reason than any born of man's invention.

He has prayed for the dead, and he will pray again. Never again will the memory of that dead boy rise up but the living will entreat the great God for him—to grant him that pardon he so earnestly besought for all that had been amiss in his fair young life !

And as he gazes upwards to the cross, the light becomes, he thinks, more plain, the other things gather form and substance, and he can distinguish candles unlighted, vases

and flowers. He is getting used to the gentle glimmer.

He is not praying, only pondering dreamily, and thinking, "How beautiful if it were true!" And then comes back into his heart echoes of forgotten sayings of that friend of his. "This is what all the saints believed, and were they idol-worshippers?" "The Church of God is not a school of thought, a mere body of opinions; it is a glorious *thing*—beautiful to the eyes and heart, easily recognisable and unmistakable." "A Catholic is not the holder of a certain view; he is the co-heir of a most glorious heritage." And so, he not knowing it, the voice of God speaks softly to his soul. He will go a little further than of old. "And what if it were true!" he says, half-thinking. "Ah, God! that it were true!"

And so he falls asleep.

Close to where Jesus waits, longing to be loved, thirsting after the adoration of His children, the home-returning wanderer rests. After long voyaging on distant seas, tossed by fierce tempests, he is very safe, and very

near him Immanuel (God with us) reigns in veiled majesty, rejoicing over this little one come safe to port.

---

### CHAPTER III.

HE fell asleep in the pale glimmer of the wee lamp of the Blessed Sacrament; he awakes in the bright radiance of many tapers. Into his dreams strange sounds come dull and muffled, and at last he lifts his head, but not until they have long continued, and a half consciousness has come back to him.

The light dazzles him at first, and all things show distant and blurred. The church is lighted up, and the altar is decked well with many flowers, seeming to mock the wintry snows without; before it stands a young priest, robed in white and gold-embroidered vestments, his hands are spread wide, and he sings "*Dominus vobiscum.*"

But the boy is not yet roused; again his head sinks down heavily, and with these words ringing in his ears like a far-off chime of lovely bells, he drops into sleep.

No one notices him ; they are singing the Mass of Christmas, the midnight Mass wherein the very birth of Jesus is recalled. Now and then a mother's eye falls on the half-kneeling form of the brave boy, and guessing something of his history, seeing his bonny sailor's dress, her heart goes out to him, her mother's heart, and she prays a few short words for him. That is all. When they came in to light up the church they found him there, and let him be. The priest had first come in, and seeing him thus kneeling, thought he was in prayer ; but after a while, as he passed softly to and fro, lighting the tall white tapers, he knew by the boy's even breathing that he slept.

Then, coming near, he laid a loving hand upon the dusky masses of curling hair and blessed him. "God bless thee," he whispered ; "may God to-night be with thee."

For awhile the youth slept on ; but in his ears still sounded, as he slept, the words that he had heard : "Dominus vobiscum ! Dominus vobiscum !" over and over many times, like the refrain of a joyful song ; and, in his dreams, it was his friend, his dead

friend, who sang to him "Dominus vobiscum."

But at last dreams and sounds alike ceased of a sudden : there was a rustle as when many move together, and it aroused him. His weariness was gone now, and he really woke. They were rising from their knees and sitting down. So he too rose and sat back into the corner of the seat, not a little confused, yet consoled to see that no one watched or noticed him. The young priest, with his glistening vestments, stood before the altar facing the people, and looking, as the young man thought, into his own eyes full and straight.

Where had he seen him before? Nowhere, save only in those broken dreams, and for the short moment that he had opened his eyes before. And yet it seemed to the boy that he knew the face of that young servant of the mighty God : the clear eyes beamed upon him with a friendly and familiar light, the mouth seemed full of gentle love and sympathy. And now the lips moved, and he spoke.

## CHAPTER IV.

"IN the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," he murmured, with an infinite awe and reverence, speaking low and clear, and tracing from brow to breast and shoulder to shoulder the sign of the Cross that in mind and heart he glorified and bore as a valiant warrior.

As he spoke, the priest gazed into the eyes of the sailor lad, and held them fixed on his. And the boy, obeying an inner, unconscious impulse, did as he did, making with him the sign of the holy cross, saying, in his heart of hearts, with him, the words that his lips did say.

And then for an instant the priest was silent: and the boy, blushing, wondered at himself, and trusted that none had seen.

It was very still: there was no sound within the church at all, and without was only the soft moan of a rising gale, upon whose breast came now and then the very distant clang of joybells ringing in Christmas Day. And through the quietness of middle night the voice, clear and full, but



not raised high, of that child-faced priest, spoke to his people.

“*Dominus vobiscum*,” he said.

And as the old, old salutation, wherewith for nigh twenty centuries the Christian priest has greeted his flock, sounded out solemnly, each who heard him returned, though voicelessly, the answering prayer that for their profit God might be also in his heart and spirit.

“*Dominus vobiscum*,” the priest went on. “For eighteen hundred years and more has the Lord been with us. On the first Christmas night, about this time, He came, and since He has never left us.”

Again he paused, as though recalling thoughtfully the joy of that long-gone night.

And the sailor lad thought, “Oh, if it were true ! if it were true that Jesus is ever with us here on earth, as He was to the Jews of old ! Then there would be no dreariness in the Christian Church, whose Lord was ever in the midst of her. But, alas ! He went up at Bethany, and never since has He left the heavenly places, where He reigns apart from us.”

"No," pursued the priest; "He loved us too well to leave us, and Christmas is but the first promise of Corpus Christi. Jesus came down to earth, and ever since has He been in our midst: He came, His Godhead veiled in the weakness of a little child; He stays, His very manhood veiled in the impotence of the form He wears."

All those who listened looked not on the face of him who spoke, but on the glittering doors of the Holy Tabernacle.

"This is a great mystery," said the priest, "and the grossness of our nature cannot grasp it. We are scandalised at it, for it puts us to an open shame. Was not the humility of Bethlehem enough? we cry. The humility of the child Jesus laid out in the manger—is not that stupendous enough, that we are called upon to contemplate what is incomprehensible—the humility of Jesus laid always in the Tabernacle?"

He spoke, this young man, not as one who exhorted, but as one who rather spoke in his proper person his own infinite wonderment. His voice was hushed, and on his face lay a mighty reverence, the awe of one

who, seeing a great mystery, stands staggered and abashed by its infinite majesty. For the marvel at which he looked was the humility of Jesus.

“And not alone—as if that were not enough—is Jesus with us even in the Blessed Sacrament. It is His delight to be with the sons of men, Who is even now Himself a Son of Man. He loves, he longs to come to us, to dwell with and make His abode with us.

“And this is what we *will* not understand. We can believe that He is willing to come now and then, at intervals, to visit us; but we can never credit this assertion that He desires to stay with us. And this lack of faith is really lack of love. It is because we care so little for His presence that we only half believe in it.

“We are like selfish children who love their father with a lukewarm affection. We are well content that God should be ready for us what time we care to go to *Him*; but we do not much care for Him to *be* with us. If we are sick or in trouble, then we hasten to our father for health and comfort; but when we think we need nothing at his

hands, we set no value on his society. It is as if we distrusted God, and could not give Him free entrance to our hearts: we will not suffer Him to be at home with us; we cannot bear to be familiar with Him; we keep Him well in heaven, as it were, and never dream of seeking Him in our hearts.

“We know nothing of the meaning of ‘*Dominus vobiscum.*’ The words are so familiar that they have little meaning for us at all, and we never ask ourselves what it was they meant once: that is why we enter so little into the spirit of Christmas. We will not suffer it to be anything but a commemoration: it has no personal bearing on us, save indirectly. We argue that if it were not for Christmas the Crucifixion could not have been, and there would have been no atonement; that is, if we acknowledged our thought, very much what we feel.

“We cast our eyes back through the long ages, and try to realise that first Christmas; we talk, and write, and make poetry and pictures concerning that night. It is all familiar to us—the shepherds keeping

watch, and the angelic choirs chanting their 'Gloria in Excelsis,' the stable and the stall ; the whole thing is part of a well-known picture, whose every detail we have studied. And that is all.

"But Christmas is not that. Perhaps no festival of the Holy Church is a commemoration, and no more ; certainly Christmas is not. There is not a martyr whose death we celebrate, but we do so first and foremost because it gave us one more friend in heaven ; there is not a jewel in the crown of Mary, but we honour its bestowal, not in retrospection, but gazing on her present glory, which glory adds a new prerogative whereby she may yet more powerfully assist us. And is it conceivable that the feasts of Jesus's birth and death and Holy Name are to be kept as mere monuments of long-accomplished acts—memorials of a played-out drama ?

"I have said that Christ, Who came down to earth that first Christmas Eve, has never left it since ; and this is our own most intimate connection with Christmas. No longer have we a God far off, to whom to go, but a God with us, Immanuel, wearing our flesh, and making His abode with us."

Again the young priest paused, and for a moment seemed rapt in contemplation of the mighty mystery of which he spoke.

"But not alone," he pursued, "is Jesus ours in the Blessed Sacrament: for where He is, is the Spirit also, Who proceeds from the Father and the Son; so that we are most truly united with the awful Trinity itself; and this is the meaning of 'Dominus vobiscum.' To all of us the Spirit came in Baptism, and in greater, fuller measure at Confirmation: how have we dealt with Him ?

"He can never leave us now: it rests with us whether His sojourn be that of a joyful guest or that of a reluctant prisoner. Our hearts are, if we so make them, the home where He best loves to dwell; and our hearts, unless we bid Him welcome, and entertain Him well, are the saddest dungeon to the Holy Spirit. Which will you choose ?

"I have spoken enough: meditate yourselves on these old familiar words, 'Dominus vobiscum;' enter into their meaning, and find out new meaning in them day by day, for they are full of it. You can never ex-

haust their force, for the more you discover in them, the more will yet remain for you to find.

“And so will your Christmas Communion be a joy to you, and a joy to Him whom you receive; so will He come not as a Judge, but as a Saviour; remember the three ways in which you may take in the Lord of heaven, and agonise to reach the highest.

“First, you may receive Him as the cold tomb received Him; feeling nothing of His presence, unmoved, unwarmed by the fire of His love, and to all intents and purposes *unconscious* of His being with you.

“Then you may receive Him as they of Bethany received Him: He was welcome. They knew he was divine, but He was to them incomprehensible; they were separated from Him, they could not see Him as He is, they could only discern the outer veil of His earthly covering.

“And lastly, you may receive Him as Our Lady did. And do not be content with ‘*Dominus vobiscum* :’ you cannot help His presence with you, or get away from it. If you climb up to heaven, He is there; if you

go down into hell—as many of us do from time to time—He is there also; if you remain in the uttermost parts of the sea, far away, and tempest-tossed, very distant from the port, He is no less with you. But that is not enough. God is with us, we cannot help that; but let us be with God also.”

---

## CHAPTER V.

AGAIN the holy sign, and the Name of God invoked, and the words of exhortation were done.

They had a quiet solemnity about them: not that the words themselves were extraordinary, but the speaking of them was their charm. He had scarce reached man's estate, this young priest, but in him shone the beauty of holiness: and on holy lips common words gain power from the Holy Ghost.

The Mass went on: and first after the sermon came the “Credo,” sung, and not read, as our sailor boy had been used to hear it. It seemed to him to have a deeper meaning than of old, and the Latin form attracted his attention, so that he thought more of each clause as it was chanted; and then at the



"INCARNATUS EST," the sudden posture of adoration brought home to him, as he had never yet felt it, the majesty of the Incarnation.

"Do I believe all this?" was his thought, as he followed the voices of the choristers. "Do I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, and the Communion of Saints?"

Thought is swift, and in those few moments he reasoned somehow thus: If I believe in one Apostolic Church, I cannot believe that there are two, or ever so many churches Catholic and Apostolic; and if I believe that there is but one, either the Church of Rome is Catholic and Apostolic, and the Protestant Churches are not, or else we must deny that the *Catholics are Catholic!* No, that's absurd; how can I say I believe in one Holy and Catholic Apostolic Church?"

And then his deliberations were cut short by the young priest turning round from the altar, spreading wide his hands and chanting "*Dominus vobiscum;*" for the "*Credo*" was at an end.

Vividly the words recalled those others so lately uttered, the echoes of which still

sounded in his ears and in his heart; the old, old salutation had gained for him already, as for most of those present in the little church, a new and deeper significance. It was no longer a pious general moralisation addressed to the Church as a whole, but an irresistible and most personal command spoken to himself, full of meaning, full of reproach, and full of encouragement.

But his outward eyes and ears were fully occupied in watching the progress of the Mass. It was the first he had ever seen, and it impressed him as he hardly cared to be impressed. It was not that he thought the ritual itself so very beautiful; he could not understand its meaning, and boys are seldom admirers of ceremony, even when full of loveliness and dignity. And much of the words, nay, most of them, he failed to catch, so that even of what was being said and sung he had only a vague idea. It was none of these things that moved him. It was an inward, involuntary feeling that this is indeed the House of God; wherever He is or is not, He *is* here, and they all know it who are come to worship Him. He felt that beneath all the outward

ceremonial was something not of this earth ; God was telling him, if only he knew it, that the worship of Catholics is supernatural. And the effect it produced on his mind was an unspoken, unacknowledged conviction that now for the first time he was joining in an act of real worship, no mere sequence of prayers and hymns and preaching, but something above all these.

The bell rang and the kneeling people bowed their heads, the organ ceased and sank into silence, an utter stillness fell upon them all. He could hear no word from the priest, but he felt that the priest was praying, and more than praying, for all that. Again the bell rang, and above his head the priest held high the Victim of the Bloodless Sacrifice.

"It is the wafer—it is the Host—it is Our Lord," flashed in an instant through the young boy's mind ; and low, low down, he bent his head in awe-stricken worship and adoration, as he hailed Him God and Lord. It was his first act of faith, and it was unreserved, unresisting in the intensity of its acknowledgment. The bell rang

again, and again, and again ; and still the youth worshipped.

“*Dominus vobiscum!* God is with us!” he sang in his inmost soul. “It is beautiful, and it must be true. Jesus, Who came at Christmas, has never left us ; He loves us too, too well. Only, the humility of Christmas was stupendous, and the humility of Corpus Christi is incomprehensible.”

And deep into his heart sank down the conviction that it was true, neither lie nor gross deception, no fable woven out of ancient superstition, but the living, lovely truth. Jesus had come to him at Christmas in the acceptance of Corpus Christi.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

THE Mass was over, and the people gone. Must he go too, and whither ? For a while he knelt on in doubt ; and then rising, he bent the knee as they had done to the Tabernacle, where the God-Man lay in less than human dignity. He would go and see the crib ; they had all, one by one, been to it ; and it was lighted up by many tapers, so that, though the other lights were again

put out, a strong radiance shone from it over the little church.

It was very beautiful, simple though it was. The adoring shepherds and the joyful Mother, Joseph and the Heavenly Child—that was all; beneath, the straw; above, the rough cavern. As the boy gazed on it he began to see how little he had ever *realised* Christ and Christmas; it had been with him a very lovely story of a long-gone time, but little else, perhaps nothing else.

He was alone in the church, alone as he thought, for he had not noticed the priest kneeling in the sanctuary, and making his thanksgiving. Looking on that group, he murmured, half aloud, “Jesus, Mary, Joseph—it is impossible to separate them. Why do we do it? Is it, I wonder, because after all we do not in our hearts *believe* that Our Lord is man, *still* as truly as He is God, that we only say it?”

He turned away, and face to face he met the priest—without his vestments now—in long black cassock.

“You are not going to stop in the church all night?” he asked with a smile, holding

out his hand to the boy, who grasped it with a feeling of reverent awe.

"No—I suppose I may not: besides, I want to get on."

"Get on where?" inquired the priest. "Surely you have not far to go to-night?"

They were in the sacristy now; a warm fire burned there, and it looked cosy and bright.

"I should like to reach Oldcorn before morning; do you know how far it is?"

"Yes; it is a good nine miles. You would never get there before morning if you started now, in all the snow. Will you stay with me till about nine o'clock? after which I will drive you over there; or, if you prefer, lend you my pony for you to ride."

"But you are too kind," answered the boy, most sincerely. "You can have no interest in me," was his inward thought.

"You are a sailor," said the priest, as if in answer to it; smiling as he spoke, "and I am not at all too kind. You will stop?"

"Of course, and thank you far more than I can say. But why do you like sailors so much?"

"That I will answer," said the priest, "after you are dry and warm in bed ; let us go."

---

## CHAPTER VII.

A SHORT walk brought them to the priest's house, where another and older priest, who was to say the third Mass, lived with the sailor boy's new friend.

It was a tiny cottage, but in the room they entered was a glorious fire, and very soon a solid, if frugal, meal stood ready on the table.

"Now eat," said the priest, "and I will talk."

"Won't you eat too ?"

"No, thanks ; I have another Mass to say," the young man answered ; "but you must be very hungry, so wait no longer."

And he was very hungry ; so he fell to and eat ravenously, as he had seldom eaten before ; for long struggling with the snow and bitter night-cold had left him almost faint, and very cold.

"I ought to tell you my name," said he

presently, with a laugh; "it is Bruton—I think I said I am from Oldcorn."

"Then I think," said the priest, "I have heard very often of you. Would you mind telling me your other name?"

The boy laughed: "It is an odd one; I am called Desmond."

"Yes, very often," said the young priest, thoughtfully, looking into the fire with sad eyes of memory. "You knew my dear brother, Hugh Garnett, did not you?"

"Of course I did, and I saw him die," the youth replied, with tremulous voice and quivering lip. "I wrote to your mother for him, telling all about it."

"And I saw the letter; he died in pain, you said?"

"He died in agony—they always do; but he was more happy than I can say. It was 'Dominus vobiscum' with him, if ever it was with anyone."

And then for a time they were silent. Each gazed deep into the red heart of the cheerful fire, thinking, thinking of the dead—of the most pure soul gone home to God, and their own sorrow at its loss.



At length the young priest raised his head :

"I am a poor substitute," he said, with a sweet humility. "But will you let me be your friend, now he is away?"

"But, oh, I am ashamed!" cried the boy, with a sudden burst of honest anger at his own unworthiness. "I am not like *him*, though I was his friend; I should sicken you."

"Neither am I like him—and so it is right."

And then the boy went to bed, weary, and glad of rest, for his cramped position had prevented the long sleep in the church from restoring him much.

"You shall be called in plenty of time in the morning," said the priest; "you will have six hours till eight o'clock, and that is good for a sailor, is not it? Good-night."

"Good-night."

Then the priest blessed him and went down. In a quarter of an hour the sailor boy lay soundly sleeping, and the young servant of God knelt before the cross, en-

treating for the new friend His Master had sent to him in the Christmas-time. For hours he prayed, and then getting weary, he too got up and slept in his chair by the warm fire; for the guest occupied his room, and there was no spare one.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

DESMOND slept until he was called by the young priest at a little before nine o'clock.

"You will be able to be up and at breakfast by the time my Mass is over," said Father Garnett, "and then I will see you on your way."

By a few minutes after ten o'clock the priest and his young friend were already a mile from the Mission Church, and the latter was trying to say something which should convey all the gratitude he felt for his warm welcome and the help on his way.

"Well now, I must get out and make my way back," said Father Garnett, "or I shall not be in time to hear the High Mass; but you can't miss the way now, in spite of the snow, and I have no doubt the pony will trot all the quicker for my absence."

So he jumped down and Desmond leaped out also, to say good-bye to him.

"We shall soon meet again, and for a longer time I hope," said the boy; "you will not forget me?"

He blushed like a girl as he spoke, for he meant, "You will pray for me?" and the young man by his side grasped his hand very warmly, saying:

"I am not likely to forget Hugh's friend; but Hugh's friend must not forget me either. Now good-bye, and God bless you more and more."

"Will you not say '*Dominus vobiscum*'?" asked Desmond, in a low and earnest voice; and the priest said it—said it in his heart of hearts, and with his lips too.

Then they parted: the boy light-hearted and full of joy at the return to his dear home, the priest with a great gladness at the work begun.

"O God! he is too noble to be wasted; keep him for Thyself, and be glorified in him."

And then the memory of his own dead boy came up from the deeps of his heart, and he cried to God that they three, the living and the holy dead, might be alike, and

at the last meet all together where nothing that is defiled may enter in.

\* \* \* \*

And that was a glad Christmas at Oldcorn.

God, Who is so tender and loving in His kindness, brought back the wanderer to the mother who had prayed so long with tears that at the holy time they might be all together in the beautiful old home. She saw him first: driving up to the stables, he left the carriage there, and walked round to the door of the big dark hall. Just as he pushed this open she crossed from one room to another, and their eyes met full.

She gave one low glad cry, and he held her in his arms.

"Oh, my boy, how handsome you've grown! And how tall!" she said, through her happy tears, calling up once more the youth's ready blush.

And then all the rest came out: and there was much laughter and pleasant foolish talk. He was the last to arrive, and the circle was now complete. There were no gaps yet that would *never* be filled again.

The whole history of his travels had to

be told. First, how the coach could come no further, and he had tried to walk on with no luggage; then how he lost his way, and came to the Catholic church; and a little, not much, for he was jealous of this, about the Mass, nothing about the sermon. Very little about the priest, and not a word about "*Dominus vobiscum.*"

Why? Because he loved to keep all that sacred and undisturbed in his own secret soul; because that was too holy a thing to discuss like this with laughter and light talking. To his mother he would mention it when they were alone, but not now.

"Oh, I know that priest by sight quite well," said one of them; "he is tall and slight, isn't he, and very good-looking?"

"Oh, *do* you think so?" put in Desmond's next brother. "*I* don't: he looks like a clipped angel."

I am sorry to say that Desmond boxed his brother's ears.

"Don't be impertinent: your acquaintance with angels does not justify you in expressing an opinion."

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Bruton, "that he is very good and very kind, whether he is

clipped or not: I wish he were not a priest——”

“I don’t,” remarked Desmond, rather shortly: and an awkward little silence followed.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

HE soon told his mother all about the young friend and his sailor brother whom they had left behind in that far-away land, left alone with the rippling sea above his grave, and the boom of the waves for his solemn knell.

“And have they any mother?” asked she, sorrowfully.

“Yes: Hugh spoke of her often. She is a widow, and lives all alone; it must be sad for her. She has no other children.”

Mrs. Bruton sighed: she had so many, and there was not one whose loss would not leave her desolate. Her heart went out to this lonely woman, the light of whose eyes had been taken from her, who was now keeping Christmas in the memory of loved ones that had been and would be no more forever, until that day when in the Kingdom

of our Father all parted ones shall meet, and sighing shall be done away.

“And—perhaps she is poor, Desmond?”

“She is, mother; at least Hugh was. He never was extravagant or self-indulgent, as we were.”

In this he was wrong, though: they were not poor. It was not because he *could* not, but because he *would* not, that the young sailor lad had cared little for himself and his pleasures.

“Do you think, Des, your father would let us ask her here?”

“Let us ask him,” said the boy: and they did.

Mr. Bruton looked annoyed.

“Of course, if you are set on it,” he replied, rather sharply; “but I don’t approve of that sort of thing at all.”

“Of what sort of thing?” was trembling on the tip of the boy’s tongue, but he kept silence: for the memory of his old friend was strong upon him, and he knew how unlike that old friend it was to wrangle.

“At least I will not let his mother be the subject of any harsh words or feelings,” he

thought: and, oddly enough, he felt more satisfaction in giving up his plan, kindly and loving as it was, than he generally found in the attainment of his schemes.

So Mrs. Garnett was not asked to Oldcorn, and she knew nothing of the kind hearts that had felt for her in her great loneliness: but she had a dearer one than friend or son, who never left her, and from whom she never strayed. Childless as to this world, and alone, she walked onward with eyes ever fixed steadfastly on the rest that remaineth for us all if but we will have it, and with her thin hand clasped trustingly and fearlessly in a Hand that is dyed scarlet with the blood shed nineteen hundred years ago. Little need to say to her "*Dominus vobiscum*," for she so *felt* Him by her side, in her heart, and about her sorrowful way, that there was hardly room for faith, and it was to the outward life alone that His presence was unseen.

But Desmond saw the young priest often: and their friendship grew, and striking root downward, it bore fruit upward. There was much in the life of the young man that was a most eloquently silent reproach to the boy;



he, careless and happy-hearted, began to see himself to be, after all, selfish and worldly minded. He had not, by the most shameful sins, put Jesus Christ to an open shame, but he grew to know how little he had heeded sin : how little it had horrified him, especially in himself, and how unreal holiness had appeared to him.

It was as if he only now began to know that God is a person and a Father, not a mere form of words, a sort of thing to believe. He saw that the young priest knew God as we know our friend ; that he spoke with Him often as we do to a friend ; that he denied himself for His sake, set a value on Him and took a delight in Him, as we do in one most dear to us.

And so, though I have no time to tell you of it, for it took long days and weeks, their friendship became firm and strong : and besides, it was something else, it was a sort of Sacrament. For that is the loveliness of the Catholic Church : all things which are good, all things honest and beautiful, are by her blessed and made spiritual. So that they all have a sacramental nature : all blended

together by her in the sublime intention of God's greater glory, become more than earthly.

The priest knew this, and the boy grew to perceive it: this friendship was not as his other friendships were: they two were the least part of it, our Divine Lord was the meeting-place in it; so that, absent or present, they cared little, for they were present with Him, and He with both of them. Is not this a part of the communion of saints?

And seeing much of the priest and of his people, for they walked about much together, the boy learnt without seeking it, the priest taught without knowing it, much of the spirit of the Church of Christ.

At first he but discovered, slowly and by dint of observation, that he had been taught lies concerning her.

The priest gave him no books, read no controversy to him, talked none; but in those weeks he found that Catholics were not what they are called by the malice of infuriated Satan.

The first discovery he made was that the

Second Commandment, as he had been used to call it, is not left out of the table : this made him perfectly reel and stagger with stupefied amazement. He had been so solemnly told it, so much had been made of it : and after all it was a lie !

And then began the old story. When we have found how cruelly untrue one accusation is, we mostly sift the others—or God forgive us for our laziness !

After that he kept his ears more open, and his eyes too : and neither ears nor eyes showed him that we are idolaters : he discovered the babyish deception that is practised to stultify the doctrine of Our Lady's conception free from original sin : the Pope's sinlessness and powerlessness to sin he found to be another of these wild flights of fancy, and so on through all the list of miserable misrepresentations and senseless follies.

He saw, too, the effect of the Catholic Faith on its children : to put it very shortly, he found out what zeal means. And of this zeal he became hugely envious : he began to feel the generous longing to be with

God, on His side, gathering with Him, that comes of truly understanding "*Dominus vobiscum.*"

For we cannot *realise* that God is with us, in the room with us, nay, in our hearts with us, without a great awe and longing not to turn Him away sad and disappointed.

And often he went to Mass, often to the other Offices—especially Benediction: and God gave him, as in His tenderness He does at such a time to draw us on by the magnet of His ineffable sweetness—gave him a great joy in the presence of His Son: he felt it and recognised it. He not only believed, he *knew* that Jesus Christ was there, and he knew that nowhere but there had he ever found Him before.

And so in generous love he prayed ceaselessly: "If this is the true way, make me walk in it, O Jesus Christ; and if this is but a hankering after strange gods and a running after lying lights, hold me back from following them. Thou knowest—make me know, as much as Thou wilt."

## CHAPTER X.

AND so—for I cannot, even if I had the time, tell you fully how it was: none but he, and God who was with him, knew—and so he came close to the threshold of the Church.

He looked in and saw it a Garden of Delights where Jesus and the saints walk ever to and fro, and with a great longing he longed to be there too. “Oh that I could enter in and follow them!” he cried aloud in his heart, and God answered: “Come thou, My son, believe and have no fear, and thou shalt be with Me.”

So, laying his young hand with all confidence in the Father's, he cast aside all doubt and grew courageous: it was a glorious prize—citizenship in the City of the Saints and God: joint possession with the holy men of all ages in the love and tenderness of that Mother without whom we cannot have God for our Father. But who ever yet refused a gift because it was over-precious, or held back from heirship because the possession was too wide? Nor he would.

"Father," he said, one Sunday evening, "may I speak to you?"

"Surely," answered the other; "come here. No one will interrupt us."

And so they went into the library. The fire burnt warm and bright, the curtains were close-drawn, and against the pane drove hard the bitter February wind, dashing against it rain and sleet—for it was a wild, black night.

But within all was cosy and home-like; the old books on the shelves, the old pictures on the walls, the old well-worn furniture, all spoke loudly to the boy of the home he loved so well, the only home he had ever known, that had been theirs for so many, many centuries.

"Well, Des, what is it?" and his father smiled as he drew up the great arm-chair to the fire, and, sitting down, looked up with kindly pride at the brave boy, standing tall and straight before him.

It was hard to begin; it would be a cruel blow, and the old man was so dear to him, so kind.

"Father," said the boy, "try not to be angry with me!"

"It would not be the first time," responded the old man, who had missed the pathos in voice and gesture, and would only be merry; "do you remember the gray's knees, Des? Eh, boy?"

"Yes, I remember very well," said he; and his memory travelled back. It was not so very many years, after all, but it was a third of his life—back to a pleasant spring day long gone by, when he had sallied forth to the chase upon his father's gray, and brought her back with broken knees. Oh yes, he remembered it well enough, well enough; and it seemed so long ago, he felt as though he were no more a boy, as if life were now to be all struggle, and no light-hearted forgetfulness.

"Don't be so gloomy about it," cried the old man, mistaking his silence; "it was long ago, you'd do better now. And sailors are never centaurs, you know—never centaurs," repeated he, pleased with his alliteration.

"It is not that," said the boy; "it is no old offence—it has not even happened yet."

"Good-lack ! don't tell us the boy's going to be married, for pity's sake. That's not it, Des, surely ?"

"No," said he sadly, for he had no heart to joke ; "it is quite different from that. Father, do not be very angry ; it is no use beating about the bush—I want to become a Catholic."

For a little while there was silence—silence save for the dreary winds without, and the driving rain. Ugh ! how it poured ! One could almost *see* it falling, it sounded so near and plain ; silence, save for the quick, feverish ticking of the little clock upon the chimney-piece, and for the odd indefinite sound a fire makes. They neither of them moved, though the old man's face was working, and his lips quivered passionately.

"He will cry," thought the boy, "and that will be terrible. I have never seen tears in those grand old eyes."

But he did not cry.

"Will you ring the bell ?" he said at last, and then "Thanks !" when Desmond had done so.



And again there was silence, and neither father nor son moved or uttered any sound.

Far away across the great hall Des could hear the footman coming to answer the bell ; how slowly he seemed to come ! His hand was on the lock, the door opened and he stood waiting.

The old man did not turn round ; he only said, in a voice passionately calm :

“ Will you order a carriage at once, and see that Mr. Desmond’s things are packed up as soon as possible.”

“ Yes, sir.” And the door closed, and he was gone.

---

## CHAPTER XI.

“ Do you understand ?” cried the old man, in a high querulous key, when they were once more alone. “ Do you understand ?”

“ No,” said the boy ; nor did he—he was dazed—dazed, and could understand nothing.

His father laughed ; a short cruel laugh it was.

“ It is plain enough. I have just ordered

the carriage—you rang the bell yourself—and your things are to be packed; we've no further claim on you. We really don't see our way to asking you to prolong your stay among us—that's all."

"May I go and say good-bye to mother and the rest?" asked the boy, in a voice steady, but eloquent with a great agony. "Do say yes!"

"No!" thundered the old man. "*Your* mother is the Church—make the most of her! No one ever yet had two mothers. Why should *you*?"

The boy stood dumb. How could he reply—how, least of all, in the light of his new faith, could he give back taunt for taunt? It was a great anguish, but it must be borne.

And thou art not alone, brave heart, for "*Dominus vobiscum*;" and this he never once forgot. When that other father raged and stormed, he felt the Heavenly Father very near; and when his mother's sad embrace was denied him, he felt all around him the everlasting arms, and it was a mighty joy.

"You have disgraced us!" shouted the

old man. "We have worshipped neither woman nor idol for three hundred years, and now you must worship both. You never were a man in heart, and now you choose a woman's religion—it is all of a piece."

Cruel words, and most false, unhappy man—false, as you know while you say them, and for that reason all the more bitterly said.

"Go!" he cried. "I have done with you; perhaps the Virgin Mary will look after you."

"Not *perhaps*," said the boy; and even this he murmured low, so that it reached no ear but hers and God's.

"Praying to her, eh?" shouted the father, seeing his son's lips moving. "You learn your lesson quick enough—quicker than you'll ever learn to be a man or a Christian."

Yes; he was praying to her, and she in high heaven was more fervently praying for him; for she is tenderest when most we need her tenderness, and surely he needed it then.

A knock was heard. "Come in," cried

the old man ; “ come in and see your precious son,” he went on, seeing it was his wife.

And, passionately, he told her the truth—as he dressed it ; that is, he told her of a change, but not to that which the boy had really come to believe.

“ And we really can’t make room for him and his chaplain ; so he is going to leave us,” concluded he. “ You’re in the nick of time to see him off.”

“ Oh, my boy !” cried the mother, and he caught her in his arms, for she flew to him. “ Oh, my boy ! my handsome boy !”

“ Mother,” he whispered huskily, “ I hear them coming, the carriage is at the door. Good-night ! Love me still, and love me more.”

“ Oh, my boy, I love you ! I love you !” she cried through her scalding tears. “ But why——”

“ No, no !” the boy entreated, kissing her on the mouth. “ Let that be the last word—the last, last word.”

And so it was. This Mary had gained for him. In those few minutes her mother-love, stronger than any other love that the

world has ever seen, had gained this for the sorrowing child and mother. They had kissed and spoken lovingly, and now they must part.

“The carriage is at the door, sir.”

And in another minute the boy was in it. He was turned from the doors of his old home in disgrace and shame, and he went out into the night. The wild rain beat against his pale face, the winds moaned and lamented ; but in that great house was left one, a sad and sorrowful mother, whose tears fell more bitterly than the raindrops, whose moaning went up to God more piteously than the wail of the night blasts. But God was with them, with mother and son, and in their very anguish they learned to love Him better than they had ever known before.

And the father blessed himself, and thanked God that at least this was not his eldest son—that the old lands and the old house would never fall into Papist hands for all Desmond’s shameful act. No, not they ! His eldest son was no Catholic ; many a time and oft had he torn his mother’s heart by wild and cruel deeds of

selfishness, and many another heart had he broken, but he was no Catholic; and his father thanked God for it! Never had he been turned out into the cruel night. He was but a profligate, and that was no new thing in those three hundred years.

---

## CHAPTER XII.

ONE more scene, and that a short one, and I have done.

Come with me out into the great Atlantic; leave all land far behind, and let us stand on the mighty deep. It is such a night as that on which, a year ago, we left our brave boy in the wind and bitter rain.

The heavens are overcast, and there is no moon; not even any lightning flares far and wide its gaudy, garish fires: there is an utter darkness, as when at first it brooded on the face of the waters. The hurricane yells and screams triumphantly, strikes the waters into mighty billows, and tears the billows into hissing foam. It whistles

among the rigging of this good ship that ploughs her way through the waves, her sides dripping as one who sweats in the death-agony. She reels to and fro, she staggers like a drunken man—she is at her wits' end. A madness seems to be upon her ; she starts back like an affrighted steed as the billows strike her bows ; she dips down as if never to arise, and, rising, shakes her mane and holds upon her way.

She goes up as high as the hills and down to the valleys beneath, and her soul is sick within her—her living soul—for she has two hundred men on board, and life is dear and sweet to them, death cold and very dreary. They are mostly praying—praying, but not idle the while. God in His mercy hear their prayer ! and let us pray for all who, like them, are in such woe and anguish on the frantic bosom of the awful ocean. All are praying, save, as it seems, this one. He flits about, speaking first to one and then another, only a few words, often only two ; but they put a new spirit into those that hear, those who have heard grow calmer and more peaceful. The lurid light of the

lamps shows on their faces no more, the blank and hideous terror they had worn before. At last the boy has spoken to every one, and to each he has brought comfort.

It is Desmond.

He is in Christ's garden now ; no longer looking longingly through the open gate. He and his own people have met no more, but he has the memory of that loving embrace of his mother's, and they will meet, he prays the loving Christ, forever in the great home.

I will not tell you of the months past, only he has made them all love him, not only for his handsome face. He is the delight of the old rough seamen's hearts, and he has reflected on them some of the joy of "Dominus vobiscum." It is his nickname—not an inglorious one surely—only he does not know it.

Last of all, now, in the wild storm, he stands by an old white-haired man. He is Scotch, a rugged Lowlander, Presbyterian born, an infidel by choice, or little better ; he loves Des more than all the rest, and Des



loves him because he needs love more, and because in his face he bears a certain likeness to the boy's own father. The old man is helping to make a raft ; it is done at last, and he and Des help many of the boy-sailors on to it, with the few women and the little children.

Then the old man turns to him, and, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, says :

"Sir, I believe, ye've just convinced me—aiblins it's too late, but I believe, bonny laddie."

"God be thanked, Strachan ! I knew a thaw would come at last : the ice has been breaking these months past."

"Eh, sir," said the old man, "I wad like to live."

The boy did not misunderstand : there was no cowardice in Strachan's nature.

"To serve God, you mean, and show you're in earnest ?"

The sailor nodded : he was not much of a talker, and there were few that would have talked then.

"There's the raft," said Desmond, "it may live ; or the boats, there will be room for you in one of them."

"That wad be an unco' deevil's way o' showing God I'd learnt to love Him, to take a wee bairn's place in the raft—eh, laddie?"

Des smiled, and grasped the old man's hand:

"Come down to my cabin for a moment. I have something to say to you."

And they went down into the dark, for below not even the few lanterns hung, and shed their poor light. More by touch than sight they found it: they went in, and the boy said:

"Have you ever been baptised?"

"No: they didna fash wi' kirstening me."

"Kneel down then;" and they two together knelt on the dripping floor: it was inky black, and they could see nothing of each other, but the boy poured water on the old man's head in the form of the Holy Cross, saying the while the blessed words that made him a son of Christ.

Before it was done a horrid shudder ran along the ship: there was a terrific crash, a swirl, a gushing sound: they had

shipped a vast sea, then another and another.

"We are sinking fast," said the old man.

"But God is with us," cried the boy, "and we die where He wills us to. We shall see Him very soon: pray then and now for me; oh, do not forget me!"

He stretched out his hands in the dark, and held those of the rugged seaman; and, over him came the memory of the young priest who first had told him of "*Dominus vobiscum*," and then the memory of his home, and those he had loved so well.

And then—ay, then, the great sea came in upon them, and they were at rest for ever. With little sound or disturbance she settled down into the waters, the billows surged and seethed over the place where she had been, and the eye of man shall see her never more, never more, till the day when the sea gives up her dead.

They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters, these men see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep: we know not of

them, they are in His hand, and He is loving to all His works.

And God has granted all the prayer of the drowned sailor lad, which he prayed for the friends he loved.

Little child, whoever thou art that dost read this, say one Our Father for him who wrote it, to Him in whose honour it is written.

THE END.

# LITTLE BOOKS OF ST. NICHOLAS

1s. each.

---

1. Oremus ; or, Little Mildred.
  2. Dominus Vobiscum ; or, The Sailor Boy.
  3. Pater Noster ; or, God the Father.
  4. Per Jesum Christum ; or, God the Son.
  5. Veni Creator ; or, God the Holy Ghost. (A Tale especially for Confirmation.)
  6. Credo ; or, Faith as a thing, not a word.
  7. Ave Maria ; or, Our Lady.
  8. Ora pro nobis ; or, The Saints.
  9. Corpus Christi ; or, The Blessed Sacrament. (A Tale especially for First Communion.)
  10. Dei Genitrix ; or, The Maternity of the B.V.
  11. Requiem ; or, The Holy Souls.
  12. Miserere ; or, Penitence.
  13. Deo Gratias ; or, Thanksgiving.
  14. Guardian Angel.
- 

R. WASHBOURNE, 18 PATERNOSTER ROW,  
LONDON.

# R. WASHBOURNE'S

OF LIBRARY AND  
WITH NUMEROUS  
AND LIST OF  
FROM AMERICA.

18 PATERNOSTER

*Post Office Orders to be  
Robert Washbourne, at*



6.80

# CATALOGUE

PRIZE BOOKS  
CRITICAL NOTICES,  
WORKS IMPORTED  
See page 20.

ROW, LONDON.

*made payable to  
the General Post Office.*

True Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. Foolscap 8vo., 3s.; or may be had separately, cheap edition, in pretty binding, price 6d. each volume.

1. The Brigand Chief, and other Tales.
2. The Martyr's Children, and other Tales.
3. What a Child can do, and other Tales.
4. Sowing Wild Oats, and other Tales.
5. The Two Hosts, and other Tales.

Chats about the Commandments. By the Author of Aunt Margaret's Little Neighbour; or, Chats about the Rosary. Fcap. 8vo., 3s. *In the Press.*

The Golden Thought of Queen Beryl, and other Stories. By Marie Cameron. 1s. 6d.; or may be had separately, cheap edition, in pretty binding, price 6d. each volume.

1. The Golden Thought of Queen Beryl; The Brother's Grave.
2. The Rod that Bore Blossoms; Patience and Impatience.

Little Books of St. Nicholas. Tales for Children. By F. B. Bickerstaffe Drew. 1s. each.

1. Oremus; 2. Dominus Vobiscum; 3. Pater Noster; 4. Per Jesum Christum; 5. Veni Creator; 6. Credo; 7. Ave Maria; 8. Ora pro nobis; 9. Corpus Christi; 10. Dei Genitrix; 11. Requiem; 12. Miserere; 13. Deo Gratias; 14. Guardian Angel.

Jack's Boy. By M. F. S. author of "Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales," "Fluffy," etc. 3s. 6d.

"The author of 'Tom's Crucifix' is a favourite with many readers, old and young. There is a tender depth of feeling which runs through every page, and a simple earnestness and manifest truthfulness in the manner and style of the narration which renders

---

*A List of American Importations will be found on page 20, and a List of Dramas, etc., on pages 19 and 26.*

her stories peculiarly attractive."—*Weekly Register*. "The more we have of such tales to move kind hearts, the better will it be for the children of the poor in our overgrown towns."—*The Month*.

**Clare's Sacrifice.** An impressive little tale, for First Communicants. By C. M. O'Hara. 6d.

**Bertram Eldon.** By M. A. Pennell, author of "Nellie Gordon." Cloth elegant, 1s.

"Authors who will and can write little books like 'Bertram Eldon,' may hope to do much good thereby, for they are directly helping to inspire children with a love of the neglected poor, which will through after-life bear fruit in works of mercy."—*The Month*. "We can all learn a lesson from such a career as 'Bertie Eldon's.'"—*Catholic Times*.

**Bellevue and its Owners.** By C. Pilley. 2s.

"A family suffers a sudden reverse of fortune by the death of the father and the dishonesty of his agent. The Christian matron shows herself equal to the occasion, and her children find strength in her example, derive benefit from adversity, and struggle forward into happier times."—*The Month*. "A tale for the young. Its incidents are so arranged as to inculcate the practice of honesty and virtue, and a trust in the goodness of Providence. The juvenile mind will delight in it."—*Catholic Times*.

**The Dark Shadow.** A Tale. 3s.

"This is an edifying story, written with feeling and force. The characters and incidents are gathered from the life of one who endured imprisonment ten years. The prisoner's fall has been deeply considered and made the occasion of a thrilling tale."—*The Tablet*. "A good Catholic book; a fiction, but practical in its moral, and intended to stimulate true practical charity towards those who have suffered imprisonment after a fault."—*New York Catholic Book News*.

**Story of a Paper Knife.** By Henrica Frederic. 1s.

**Nellie Gordon, the Factory Girl; or Lost and Saved.**  
By M. A. Pennell. 6d.

**Bible Stories from the Old Testament.** Twelve Stories of the Jewish Church, to interest the young in the fortunes of God's ancient Church, by throwing the Scripture narrative into a slightly different form. By Charles Walker. Cloth, extra, 2s. 6d.  
Cheaper edition, 1s. 6d.

CONTENTS:—The Sacrifice of Abel.—The Ship of Safety.—The City of Confusion.—Melchisedech, King of Salem.—The Sabbath Breaker.—Achan.—The Child Prophet of Silo.—The Building of the Temple.—The Altar at Beth-El.—The Repentance of Nineve.—The Furnace of Babylon.—The Prophecy of Malachias.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

**The Siege and Conquest of Granada. Allah Akbar—God is Great. From the Spanish. By Mariana Monteiro. Cloth Arabesque, 3s. 6d.**

"A highly interesting and romantic story. The book is handsomely got up, and the Illustrations, which are from the pencil of a sister of Miss Monteiro, add much to the beauty of the volume."—*Public Opinion*. "The Moorish version of the siege and loss of Granada, and may therefore be read in conjunction with Washington Irving's well-known story, principally derived, as he states, from the Catholic Historians."—*The Bookseller*.

**Gathered Gems from Spanish Authors. By Mariana Monteiro. 3s.**

CONTENTS :—The Rosary Bell—The Blind Organist of Seville—The Last Baron of Fortcastells—The Miserere of the Mountains—Three Reminiscences—A Legend of Italy—The Gnomes of Monccay—The Passion Flower—Recollections of an Artistic Excursion—The Laurel Wreath—The Witches of Trasmoz.

"Genuine treasures of romance."—*Weekly Register*. "Particularly rich in pleasant stories of the purest morality."—*Irish Monthly*. "Of considerable beauty. . . . The high moral tone of it renders it far in advance of the majority of tales at the present day."—*Public Opinion*. "Stories of much grace and freshness."—*University Magazine*.

**The Last Days of the Emperor Charles V., the Monk of the Monastery of Yuste. An Historical Legend of the 16th century. From the Spanish, by Mariana Monteiro. 2s. 6d.**

"An exceedingly interesting historical legend. It will amply repay perusal."—*Court Circular*. "A peculiar interest attaches to the tale."—*Weekly Register*. "It is well calculated to instruct and entertain the minds of young persons, since it is a tale of piety and also historical."—*Tablet*. "A very realistic picture of the character of Charles in monastic repose. We have read every page of the volume with much pleasure."—*Catholic Times*. "The whole narrative just the sort that might be put in the hands of a boy or girl under sixteen with advantage."—*Public Opinion*. "Well worthy of notice."—*The Month*.

**The Battle of Connemara. By Kathleen O'Meara, author of "A Daughter of St. Dominick." 3s.**

"Everything else is but a sketch, compared with the Irish scenes, which are written *con amore*, and though not very highly coloured, are faithful to life."—*Dublin Review*. "A charming story, charmingly told."—*Irish Monthly*. "A book which has interested us; in which others, we doubt not, will take much interest."—*Tablet*. "The sketch of the Holy Mass in the miserable thatched building is one of the most effective bits of description we have seen; and this portrayal of peasant life, privation, and faith is too accurate to be questioned."—*Catholic Times*. "This interesting tale."—*The Month*.



**Industry and Laziness.** By Franz Hoffman. From the German, by James King. 12mo., 3s.

"This is a capital story for boys. We can assure youthful readers that they will find much to attract them in this adventurous story."—*Weekly Register*. "The moral is excellent, the interest of the story well sustained."—*Tablet*. "A good, moral story."—*Court Circular*. "Any book that tries to save boys and young men from copying the example of John Collins deserves to be encouraged, especially when it is so very readably written and printed as the present tale."—*Irish Monthly*.

**The Fairy Ching; or the Chinese Fairies' Visit to England.** By Henrica Frederic. Handsomely bound in cloth extra, 1s., gilt edges 1s. 6d.

**My Golden Days.** By M. F. S. 12mo., 2s. 6d., or in 3 vols., 1s. each; gilt, 1s. 6d.

The One Ghost of my Life, Willie's Escape, &c.

The Captain's Monkey, &c.

Great Uncle Hugh, Long Dresses, &c.

"They are playfully descriptive of the little ways and experience of young people, and are well suited for reading aloud in a family circle of juveniles."—*The Month*. "A series of short tales for children, by the delightful author of 'Fluffy' and a score of other charming books for the young."—*Weekly Register*. "Capital tales for children, nicely told, printed in large type on good paper and neatly bound."—*The Bookseller*. "Feelings run through them like a stream through flowers, and pretty morals peep out as the reader travels along."—*Catholic Times*. "This is the latest of the long catalogue of bright and edifying books of short stories for which our young people have to thank M. F. S."—*Irish Monthly*.

**From Sunrise to Sunset.** A Catholic Tale. 3s. 6d.

"A story for young readers, with a distinctly religious tendency, well written and interesting."—*The Bookseller*. "A pleasing tale, of which some of the incidents take place in the Grisons of Switzerland. There is a good power of description of scenery, in very clear grammatical language. In fact, the purity of style of L. B. is quite an example to the average novel writer."—*Public Opinion*. "A lively, chatty, pleasant little novel, which can do no harm to any one, and may afford amusement to many young persons."—*Tablet*.

**The Two Friends; or, Marie's Self-denial.** By Madame d'Arras (*Née Lechmere*). 1s.; gilt, 1s. 6d.

'A little French tale, in the crisis of which the good Empress Eugénie plays a conspicuous part.'—*Weekly Register*.

**Andersen's Sketches of Life in Iceland.** Translated by Myfanwy Fenton. 2s. 6d.; cheaper edition, 1s. 6d.

"In the one case they are simply pretty tales; in the other curious illustrations of the survival to our own time of thought and manners familiar to every reader of the Sagas."—*Graphic*. "Ever

welcome additions to the literary flora of a primitive and little-known country, such as Iceland must still be deemed. The Princess of Wales has been pleased to accept this unpretentious little story-book, written in the high latitudes where legends flourish abundantly."—*Public Opinion*. "Told with simple eloquence. A happy mean of refreshing simplicity which every reader must enjoy."—*Catholic Times*. "The style is fresh and simple, and the little volume is altogether very attractive."—*Weekly Register*.

**Rest, on the Cross.** By E. L. Hervey. Author of "The Feasts of Camelot," &c. 12mo., 3s. 6d.

"This is a heart-thrilling story of many trials and much anguish endured by the heroine. Rest comes to her, where alone it can come to all. The little tale is powerfully and vividly told."—*Weekly Register*. "Mrs. Hervey has shown a rare talent in the relation of moral tales calculated to fascinate and impress younger readers."—*Somerset County Gazette*. "An interesting and well-written religious story for young people."—*The Bookseller*. "An emotional and gushing little novelette."—*Church Times*. "It is impossible for us to know how far the events and situations are real, and how far imaginary; but if real, they are well related, and if imaginary, they are well conceived."—*Tablet*. "It is written in the gentlest spirit of charity."—*Athenæum*.

**The Feasts of Camelot, with the Tales that were told there.** By Eleanora Louisa Hervey. 3s. 6d.; or separately, Christmas, 1s. 6d.; Whitsuntide, 1s. 6d.

"This is really a very charming collection of tales, told as is evident from the title, by the Knights of the Round Table, at the Court of King Arthur. It is good for children and for grown up people too, to read these stories of knightly courtesy and adventure and of pure and healthy romance, and they have never been written in a more attractive style than by Mrs. Hervey in this little volume."—*Tablet*. "This is a very charming story book."—*Weekly Register*. "Mrs. Hervey brings the great legendary hero within the reach of children, but the stories are quite sufficiently well told to deserve the perusal of more critical readers."—*The Month*. "These tales are well constructed, and not one of them is destitute of interest."—*Catholic Times*. Full of chivalry and knightly deeds, not unmixed with touches of quaint humour."—*Court Journal*. "A graceful and pleasing collection of stories."—*Daily News*. "There is a high purpose in this charming book, one which is steadily pursued—it is the setting forth of the true meaning of chivalry."—*Morning Post*.

**Stories from many Lands.** By E. L. Hervey. 3s. 6d.

"Very well and, above all, very briefly told. The stories are short and varied. The Godmother's Anecdotes are very good stories."—*Saturday Review*. "A great number of short Stories and Anecdotes of a good moral tone."—*Tablet*. "A delightful fairy Godmother is this, who promises to rival the famous Princess Scheherezade as a story-teller."—*Weekly Register*. "Suitable for boys and girls of ten or twelve years, and is capable of teaching them not a few wholesome truths in an agreeable but really impressive manner."—*Illustrated London News*. "A charming col-

lection of tales, illustrating some great truths."—*Church Times*.  
 "With a few exceptions each story has 'some heart of meaning in it,' and tends to kindle in the mind all that is good and noble,"—*Windsor Gazette*. "A collection of short stories, anecdotes, and apologues on various topics, delightfully told."—*Athenæum*.

**A Daughter of St. Dominic.** By Grace Ramsay (Kathleen O'Meara). 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; cloth extra, 2s.

"A beautiful little work. The narrative is highly interesting."—*Dublin Review*. "It is full of courage and faith and Catholic heroism."—*Universe*. "A beautiful picture of the wonders effected by ubiquitous charity, and still more by fervent prayer."—*Tablet*.

**Bessy; or the Fatal Consequence of Telling Lies.** 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.

"This is a very good tale to put into the hands of young servants."—*Tablet*. "The moral teaching is of course thoroughly Catholic, and conveyed in a form extremely interesting."—*Weekly Register*.

**Canon Schmid's Tales.** New translation, with Original Illustrations, 3s. 6d. Separately: 1. Canary Bird; 2. Dove; 3. Inundation; 4. Rose Tree; 5. Water Jug; 6. Wooden Cross; 6d. each, or 1s. gilt.

**Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales.** By M. F. S. 3s. 6d. or separately, 1s. each, or 1s. 6d. gilt.

Tom's Crucifix, and Pat's Rosary.

Good for Evil, and Joe Ryan's Repentance.

The Old Prayer Book, and Charlie Pearson's Medal.

Catherine's Promise, and Norah's Temptation.

Annie's First Prayer, and Only a Picture.

"Simple stories for the use of teachers of Christian doctrine."—*Universe*. "This is a volume of short, plain, and simple stories, written with the view of illustrating the Catholic religion practically by putting Catholic practices in an interesting light before the mental eyes of children. The whole of the tales in the volume before us are exceedingly well written."—*Weekly Register*.

**Fluffy. A Tale for Boys.** By M. F. S., author of "Tom's Crucifix and other Tales." 3s. 6d.

"A charming little story. The narrative is as wholesome throughout as a breath of fresh air, and as beautiful in the spirit of it as a beam of moonlight."—*Weekly Register*. "The tale is well told. We cannot help feeling an interest in the fortunes of Fluffy."—*Tablet*.

**The Three Wishes. A Tale.** By M. F. S. 2s. 6d. Cheaper edition, 1s. 6d.

"A pretty neatly told story for girls. There is much quiet pathos

in it and a warm Catholic spirit."—*The Month*. "We are glad to welcome this addition to the story-books for which the author is already favourably known."—*United Irishman*. "The tale is singularly interesting. The story of Gertrude with her gratified wish has about it all the interest of a romance, and will, no doubt, find especial favour."—*Weekly Register*. "Like everything which M. F. S. writes, the book is full of interest."—*Tablet*. "The chief heroine is a striking model of what a young woman ought to be, and may become, if animated by sincere desire."—*Catholic Times*.

**Catherine Hamilton.** By M. F. S. 2s. 6d. ; gilt, 3s.

"We have no doubt this will prove a very attractive book to the little folks, and would be glad to see it widely circulated."—*Catholic World*. "A short, simple, and well-told story, illustrative of the power of grace to correct bad temper in a wayward girl."—*Weekly Register*. "We are very much pleased with this little book."—*Tablet*.

**Catherine grown Older.** By M. F. S. 2s. 6d. ; gilt 3s.

"Those who are familiar with the history of Catherine in her wayward childhood will welcome with no little satisfaction this sequel to her story from the hand of the same charming writer. There is a simplicity about the style and an earnest tenderness in the manner of the narrative which renders it singularly impressive."—*Weekly Register*. "Catherine's character will delight English children."—*Tablet*.

**Stories for my Children.—The Angels and the Sacraments.** Square 16mo. 1s.

**Simple Tales.** Square 16mo., cloth antique, 2s. 6d.

"Contains five pretty stories of a true Catholic tone, interspersed with some short pieces of poetry. . . Are very affecting, and told in such a way as to engage the attention of any child."—*Register*. "This is a little book which we can recommend with great confidence. The tales are simple, beautiful, and pathetic."—*Catholic Opinion*. "It belongs to a class of books of which the want is generally much felt by Catholic parents."—*Dublin Review*. "Beautifully written. 'Little Terence' is a gem of a Tale."—*Tablet*.

**Terry O'Flinn.** By the Very Rev. Dr. Tandy. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. ; stronger bound, 1s. 6d. ; gilt, 2s.

"The writer possesses considerable literary power."—*Register*. "A most singular production."—*Universe*. "An unpretending yet a very touching story."—*Waterford News*. "Excellent indeed is the idea of embodying into a story the belief that there is ever beside us a guardian angel who reads the thoughts of our hearts and strives to turn us to good."—*Catholic World*. "The idea is well sustained throughout."—*Church Times*.

**The Adventures of a Protestant in Search of a Religion:** being the Story of a late Student of Divinity at Bunyan Baptist College ; a Nonconformist Minister, who seceded to the Catholic Church. By Iota. 3s. 6d. ; cheap edition, 2s.

"Will well repay its perusal."—*Universe*. "This precious vol-

---

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

ume."—*Baptist*. "No one will deny 'Iota' the merit of entire originality."—*Civilian*. "A valuable addition to every Catholic library." *Tablet*. "There is much cleverness in it."—*Nonconformist*. "Malicious and wicked."—*English Independent*. "An admirable and amusing, yet truthful and genuinely sparkling work. The characters are from life."—*Catholic Opinion*.

**The Village Lily.** Fcap. 8vo. 1s.; gilt, 1s. 6d.

"Charming little story."—*Weekly Register*.

**Fairy Tales for Little Children.** By Madeleine Howley Meehan. 6d.; cloth, 1s. and 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.

"Full of imagination and dreams, and at the same time with excellent point and practical aim, within the reach of the intelligence of infants."—*Universe*. "Pleasing, simple stories, combining instruction with amusement."—*Register*. "A pretty little book to give to imaginative young ones."—*Tablet*.

**Rosalie; or, the Memoirs of a French Child.** Written by herself. 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.

"It is prettily told, and in a natural manner. The account of Rosalie's illness and First Communion is very well related. We can recommend the book for the reading of children."—*Tablet*. "The tenth chapter is beautiful."—*Universe*. "The lessons inculcated tend to improve the youthful mind. We cannot too strongly recommend the book."—*Waterford News*. "This is one of those nicely written stories for children which we now and then come across."—*Catholic World*. "Charmingly written."—*Church Herald*.

**The Story of Marie and other Tales.** Fcap. 2s. 6d., gilt, 3s.; or separately:—The Story of Marie, 2d.; Nelly Blane, and A Contrast, 2d.; A Conversion and a Death-Bed, 2d.; Herbert Montagu, 2d.; Jane Murphy, The Dying Gipsy, and The Nameless Grave, 2d.; The Beggars, and True and False Riches, 2d.; Pat and his Friend, 2d.

"A very nice little collection of stories, thoroughly Catholic in their teaching."—*Tablet*. "A series of short pretty stories, told with much simplicity."—*Universe*. "A number of short pretty stories, replete with religious teaching, told in simple language."—*Weekly Register*.

**Sir Ælfric and other Tales.** By the Rev. G. Bampfield. 18mo. 6d.; cloth, 1s.; gilt, 1s. 6d.

**The Last of the Catholic O'Malleys.** A Tale. By M. Taunton. cloth, 1s. 6d.; stronger bound, 2s.

"A sad and stirring tale, simply written, and sure to secure for itself readers."—*Tablet*. "Deeply interesting. It is well adapted for parochial and school libraries."—*Weekly Register*. "A very pleasing tale."—*The Month*. "Simply and naturally told."—*Freeman's Journal*.

---

R. Washbourn, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

Eagle and Dove. From the French of Zénaïde Fleuriot. By Emily Bowles, 5s. ; cheap edition, 2s. 6d.

"We recommend our readers to peruse this well-written story."—*Register*. "One of the very best stories we have ever dipped into."—*Church Times*. "Admirable in tone and purpose."—*Church Herald*. "A real gain. It possesses merits far above the pretty fictions got up by English writers."—*Dublin Review*. "There is an air of truth and sobriety about this little volume, nor is there any attempt at sensation."—*Tablet*.

Legends of the 13th Century. By the Rev. Henry Collins. 3s. ; or in 3 vols., 1s. 6d. each.

"A casket of jewels. Most fascinating as legends and none the less profitable for example, consolation, and encouragement."—*Weekly Register*. "The legends are full of deep spiritual teaching, and they are almost all authenticated."—*Tablet*. "Well translated and beautifully got up."—*The Month*. "Full of heavenly wisdom,"—*Catholic Opinion*. "The volume reminds us forcibly of Rodriguez's 'Christian Perfection.'"—*Dublin Review*.

Cloister Legends ; or, Convents and Monasteries in the Olden Time. *Second Edition*. Cr. 8vo. 4s.

"Deeply interesting and edifying."—*Weekly Register*. "A charming book of tales of the olden time."—*Catholic Opinion*. "A charming volume."—*Universe*. "All more or less interesting and well told."—*Tablet*. "The stories are very well told."—*Month*.

Keighley Hall and other Tales. By Elizabeth King. 6d. ; cloth, 1s. ; stronger bound, 1s. 6d. ; gilt, 2s.

"The religious teaching is very good, and stamps the work as being that of a loyal member of the one true Church."—*Tablet*. "The Tales are Catholic to the backbone."—*Weekly Register*. "Interesting and well-written stories."—*Westminster Gazette*. "Very interesting as stories."—*Church News*. "Full of devotion and piety."—*Northern Press*.

Chats about the Rosary ; or, Aunt Margaret's Little Neighbours. Fcap. 8vo. 3s.

"There is scarcely any devotion so calculated as the Rosary to keep up a taste for piety in little children, and we must be grateful for any help in applying its lessons to the daily life of those who already love it in their unconscious tribute to its value and beauty."—*Month*. "We do not know of a better book for reading aloud to children, it will teach them to understand and to love the Rosary."—*Tablet*. "Illustrative of each of the mysteries, and connecting each with the practice of some particular virtue."—*Catholic Opinion*. "This pretty book carries out a very good idea, much wanted, to impress upon people who do not read much the vivid picture or story of each mystery of the Rosary."—*Dublin Review*.

Margarethe Verflassen. Translated from the German by Mrs. Smith Sligo. 1s. 6d. and 3s.; gilt, 3s. 6d.

"A portrait of a very holy and noble soul, whose life was passed in constant practical acts of the love of God."—*Weekly Register*. "It is the picture of a true woman's life, well fitted up with the practice of ascetic devotion and loving unwearied activity about all the works of mercy."—*Tablet*. "Those who may wish to know something about Convent life will find it faithfully portrayed in every important particular in the volume before us. We cordially commend it to our readers."—*Northern Star*.

A Romance of Repentance ; or, the Heroine of Vesuvius. A remarkable sensation of the Seventeenth Century. By Rev. Dr. O'Reilly. 3s. 6d.

Ned Rusheen. By Sister M. F. Clare. 5s.

The Prussian Spy. A Novel. By V. Valmont. 4s.

Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward. By Miss Bridges Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

Adolphus ; or, the Good Son. 18mo. gilt, 6d.

Nicholas ; or, the Reward of a Good Action. 6d.

The Lost Children of Mount St. Bernard. Gilt, 6d.

The Baker's Boy ; or, the Results of Industry. 6d.

A Broken Chain. 18mo. gilt, 6d.

Tales and Sketches. By Charles Fleet. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The Catholic "Pilgrim's Progress"—The Journey of Sophia and Eulalie to the Palace of True Happiness. Translated by the Rev. Father Bradbury, Mount St. Bernard's. 1s. 6d., better bound, 3s. 6d.

"The book is essentially suited to women, and especially to those who purpose devoting themselves to the hidden life of sanctity. It will prove, however, a useful gift to many young ladies whose lot is in the world."—*Weekly Register*. "This mode of teaching imparts an extraordinary degree of vividness and reality."—*Church Review*. "Unquestionably the book is one that for a certain class of minds will have a great charm."—*The Scotsman*. "No one can weary with the perusal, and most people will enjoy it very much."—*Tablet*.

Rupert Aubray. By the Rev. T. J. Potter. 3s.

Percy Grange. By the same author. 3s.

Farleyes of Farleye. By the same author. 2s. 6d.

Sir Humphrey's Trial. By the same author. 2s. 6d.

The Victims of the Mamertine. Scenes from the Early Church. By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly. D.D. 5s.

---

*R. Washbourn, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

- Cardinal Wolsey ; or the Abbot of St. Cuthbert's. By Agnes Stewart. 6s. 6d.
- Limerick Veteran. By the same. 5s. and 6s.
- Life in the Cloister. By the same. 3s. 6d.
- Festival Tales. By J. F. Waller. 3s. 6d.
- Revelations of Ireland. 1s.
- The Kishoge Papers. Tales of Devilry and Drollery 1s. 6d.
- Diary of a Confessor of the Faith. 12mo., 1s.
- Pearl among the Virtues. By Rev. P. A. De Doss. 3s.
- Recollections of the Reign of Terror. By the Abbé Dumesnil. 2s. 6d.
- Tim O'Halloran's Choice ; or, From Killarney to New York. By Sister M. F. Clare. 3s. 6d.
- The Silver Teapot. By Elizabeth King. 18mo., 4d.
- The First Christmas for our dear little ones. By Miss Mulholland. 15 Illustrations, 4to. 6s.
- Legends of the Saints. By M. F. S., author of "Stories of the Saints." Square 16mo., 3s. 6d.

"A pretty little book, couched in studiously simple language."—*Church Times*. "A number of short legends, told in simple language for young readers by one who has already given us two charming volumes of 'Stories of the Saints.'"—*Tablet*. "Here we have more than fifty tales, told with singular taste, and ranging over a vast geographical area. Not one of them will be passed over by the reader."—*Catholic Times*. "A delightful boon for youthful readers."—*Weekly Register*. "It is got up in the most attractive as well as substantial style as regards binding, paper, and typography, while the simple and beautiful legends are told in a graceful and flowing manner, which cannot fail to rivet the attention and interest of the youthful reader."—*United Irishman*.

Stories of the Saints. By M. F. S., author of "Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales," "Catherine Hamilton," &c. 5 series, each 3s. 6d., gilt, 4s. 6d.

"As lovely a little book as we have seen for many a day."—*Weekly Register*. "Interesting not only for children but for persons of every age and degree."—*Tablet*. "A great desideratum. Very pleasantly written."—*The Month*. "A very attractive volume. A delightful book."—*Union Review*. "Admirably adapted for reading aloud to children, or for their own private reading."—*Catholic Opinion*. "Being full of anecdotes, they are especially attractive."—*Church Herald*. "Well selected."—*Dublin Review*.



**Stories of Holy Lives.** By M. F. S. Fcp. 8vo., 3s. 6d.

"The stories seem well put together."—*The Month*. "It sets before us clearly and in simple language the most striking features in the character and history of many whose very names are dear to the hearts of Catholics."—*Tablet*.

**Stories of Martyr Priests.** By M. F. S. 12mo., 3s. 6d.

"The stories are written with the utmost simplicity, and with such an earnest air of reality about every page that the youthful reader may forget that he has a book in his hand, and can believe that he is 'listening to a story.'"—*Weekly Register*. "It has been the task of the writer, while adhering strictly to historical facts, to present the lives of these Christian heroes in a pleasing and attractive form, so that, while laying before the youthful minds deeds as thrilling as any to be found in the pages of romance, a chapter in her history is laid open which is at once the glory and the shame of England."—*United Irishman*. "Short memoirs well written and which cannot fail to attract not only 'the Catholic Boys of England,' to whom the book is dedicated, but also all the men and women of England to whom the Catholic faith is dear."—*Tablet*. "Sad stories of over thirty Priests who perished for conscience sake."—*Catholic Times*. "No lives of great men can depict so glorious a picture as these Stories of Martyred Priests, and we trust they will be read far and wide."—*Dublin Review*.

**The Story of the Life of St. Paul.** By M. F. S., author of "Legends of the Saints," &c. 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d.

"A most attractive theme for the prolific pen of the author of 'Tom's Crucifix and other Tales.'"—*Weekly Register*. "The author knew instinctively how to present the incidents most effectively, and has made the most of them."—*Catholic Times*.

**The Panegyrics of Fr. Segneri, S.J.** Translated from the original Italian. With a Preface by the Rev. Fr. W. Humphrey, S.J. Crown 8vo., 6s.

CONTENTS.—The Immaculate Conception—The Blessed Virgin—St. Joseph—St. John the Evangelist—St. John the Baptist—St. Stephen—St. Ignatius of Loyola—St. Francis Xavier—St. Aloysius Gonzaga—St. Thomas of Aquin—St. Philip Neri—St. Antony of Padua—The Blessed Sacrament—The Holy Winding Sheet—The Angel Guardian.

**Albertus Magnus: his Life and Scholastic Labours.** From original Documents. By Professor Sighart. Translated by Rev. Fr. T. A. Dixon, O.P. With a Portrait. 8vo., 10s. 6d.; cheap edition, 5s.

"A translation of Dr. Sighart's 'Albertus Magnus' will be welcome in many quarters. The volume is admirably printed and beautifully got up, and the frontispiece is a valuable engraving of B. Albert's portrait after Fiesole."—*Dublin Review*. "Albert the Great is not well known . . . yet he is one of those pioneers of inductive philosophy whom our modern men of science cannot with-

out black ingratitude forget. His memory should be dear not only to those who value the sanctity of life, but to those also who try, as he did, to wrest from nature the reason of her doings."—*The Month*. "The volume is a large one, as befits the subject, and it carries the reader through most of the scenes of Albert's life with a graphic power . . . We recommend this book as worthy a place in every library."—*Catholic Times*. "The fullest record that has ever been penned of one of the grandest luminaries in the history of the Church."—*Weekly Register*. "The book is extremely interesting, full of information, and displays great power of research and critical judgment. . . . The volume is eminently worth perusal."—*Tablet*. "One of the most interesting religious biographies recently issued from the Catholic press."—*Irish Monthly*.

**Life of St. Wenefred, Virgin Martyr and Abbess, Patroness of North Wales and Shrewsbury.** By Rev. T. Meyrick, M.A. With Frontispiece, 2s.

**Lives of the Saints for every Day in the Year.** Beautifully printed on thick toned paper, within borders from ancient sources. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, 4to. 25s.

**Lives of the First Religious of the Visitation of Holy Mary.** By Mother Frances Magdalen de Chaugy. 2 vols., 1os. :—or separately.

**Life of Mother Marie Jacqueline Favre, Mother Jeanne Charlotte de Bréchar, Mother Peronne Marie de Châtel, Mother Claude Agnes Joli de la Roche.** 6s.

**Life of Sister Claude Simplicienne Fardel, Sister Marie Aimée de Chantal, Sister Françoise Gabrielle Bally, Sister Marie Denise de Martignat, Sister Anne Jacqueline Coste, Sister Marie Péronne Pernet, Sister Marie Séraphique de Chamflours.** 6s.

**S. Vincent Ferrer, his Life, Spiritual Teaching, and practical Devotion.** By Fr. Pradel. Translated by Rev. Fr. Dixon, O.P. With Photograph, 5s.

**Life of S. Bernardine of Siena.** With a portrait, 5s.

**Life of S. Philip Benizi.** With a portrait, 5s.

**Life of S. Veronica Giuliani, and Blessed Battista Varani.** With a portrait, 5s.

**Life of S. John of God.** With a portrait, 5s.

**Life of the Ven. Elizabeth Canori Mora.** From the Italian, with Preface by Lady Herbert, and Photograph. 3s. 6d.

The Lives of the Early Popes. By Rev. Thomas Meyrick, M.A., 8vo. St. Peter to St. Silvester, 4s. 6d. From the time of Constantine to Charlemagne, 5s. 6d.

Life of B. Giovanni Colombini. By Feo Belcari. Translated from the editions of 1541 and 1832. With a Photograph. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Life of Sister Mary Frances of the Five Wounds. From the Italian. By Rev. D. Ferris. 2s. 6d.

Sketch of the Life and Letters of the Countess Adolstan. By E. A. M., author of "Rosalie, or the Memoirs of a French Child," "Life of Paul Seigneret," &c. 1s.; better bound, 2s. 6d.

"The great interest of the book, even above the story of the conversion of her husband, is the question of education. The essay on the bringing up of children and the comparative merits and demerits of Convent and home education, is well worth the careful study both of parents and those entrusted with the task of instruction."—*The Month*. "Her judgments are always wise."—*Catholic Opinion*. "We can safely recommend this excellent little biographical sketch. It offers no exciting interest, but it is calculated to edify all."—*Tablet*.

Life of Paul Seigneret, Seminarist of Saint-Sulpice. 6d.; cloth, 1s.; better bound, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.

"An affecting and well-told narrative. . . It will be a great favourite, especially with our pure-minded, high-spirited young people."—*Universe*. "We commend it to parents with sons under their care, and especially do we recommend it to those who are charged with the education and training of our Catholic youth."—*Register*.

Inner Life of Père Lacordaire, 6s. 6d.

Life of Sister Mary Cherubina Clare of S. Francis. With Preface by Lady Herbert, and Photograph, 3s. 6d.

Life and Letters of Sir Thomas More. By A. M. Stewart. Illustrated, 8vo., 10s. 6d.; gilt, 11s. 6d.

Life of Gregory Lopez, the Hermit. By Canon Doyle, O.S.B. With a Photograph. 12mo., 3s. 6d.

St. Angela Merici. Her Life, her Virtues, and her Institute. 12mo., 3s.

Life of St. Columba, &c. By M. F. Cusack. 8vo., 6s.

Life and Prophecies of S. Columbkille. 3s. 6d.

Recollections of Cardinal Wiseman, &c. By M. J. Arnold. 2s. 6d.

Prince and Saviour. A Life of Christ for the Young. By Rosa Mulholland. 6d. Illustrated, 2s. 6d.

- Life and Miracles of St. Benedict. From St. Gregory the Great, by Rev. Dom E. J. Luck. 4to., 10s. 6d. With 52 large Photographs, 31s. 6d. Small Edition, fcap. 8vo., 2s. ; stronger bound, 2s. 6d.
- Life of St. Boniface. By Mrs. Hope. 6s.
- Life of Fr. Benvenuto Bambozzi, O.M.C., of the Conventual Friars Minor. Translated from the Italian of Fr. Nicholas Treggiari, D.D. 5s.
- Life of the Ven. Anna Maria Taigi. From the French of Calixte, by A. V. Smith Sligo. 2s. 6d. ; better bound, 5s.
- Venerable Mary Christina of Savoy. 6d.
- Life of Father Mathew. By Sister Mary Francis Clare. 2s. 6d.
- Life of St. Patrick. 12mo. 1s. ; 8vo., 6s., gilt, 10s. -
- Life of St. Bridget, and of other Saints of Ireland. 1s.
- The Life of Our Lord. With Introduction by Dr. Husenbeth. Illustrated. 5s.
- Life, Passion, Death, and Resurrection of Our Blessed Lord. Translated from Ribadeneira. 1s.
- Life of S. Edmund of Canterbury. 1s. and 1s. 6d.
- Life of St. Francis of Assisi. From St. Bonaventure. By Miss Lockhart. With Photograph, 3s. 6d.
- Life of St. German. 3s. 6d. ; Stephen Langton. 2s. 6d.
- Life of Cardinal Wiseman. 1s. ; cloth, 1s. 6d.
- Life of Count de Montalembert. By G. White. 6d.
- Life of Mgr. Weedall. By Dr. Husenbeth. 5s.
- Pius IX. By J. F. Maguire. 6s.
- Pius IX. From his Birth to his Death. By G. White. 6d.
- Life of the Ever-Blessed Virgin. 1s.
- Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes: a Faithful Narrative of the Apparitions of the Blessed Virgin. By F. C. Husenbeth, D.D. 18mo. 6d. ; cloth, 1s. ; with Novena, 1s. ; cloth, 1s. 6d. Novena, separately, 4d. ; Litany, 1d., or 6s. per 100. Medal, 1d.

---

*R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London,*

A Month at Lourdes and its Neighbourhood in the Summer of 1877. By Hugh Caraher. Two Illustrations, 2s.

The History of the Blessed Virgin. By Orsini. Translated by Dr. Husenbeth. Illustrated, 3s. 6d.

Devotion to Our Lady in North America. By the Rev. Xavier Donald Macleod. 8vo. 5s.

"The work of an author than whom few more gifted writers have ever appeared among us. It is not merely a religious work, but it has all the charms of an entertaining book of travels. We can hardly find words to express our high admiration of it."—*Weekly Register*.

The Victories of Rome. By Rev. Fr. Beste. 1s.

The History of the Italian Revolution. The Revolution of the Barricades. (1796—1849.) By the Chevalier O'Clery, M.P., K.S.G. 8vo. 7s. 6d.; cheap edition, 3s. 6d.

"The volume is ably written, and by a man who is acquainted with the subject about which he writes."—*Athenæum*. "Well-written, and contains many passages that are marked by candour and amiability."—*Guardian*. "Mr. O'Clery's graphic and truthful narrative. . . . Written in an easy flowing style, the volume is by no means heavy reading."—*Pilot*. "It was a happy thought on the part of Mr. O'Clery to conceive the possibility of contributing something towards the removal of the existing ignorance; and it was better still to have girded himself up to the task of giving execution to his thought in the very able and satisfactory manner in which he has done his work."—*The Month*. "The author grasps the whole subject of the Revolution with a master mind. . . . From the first page to the last it is of absorbing interest."—*Catholic Times*. "Written with the calmness of the historian, yet with something of the energy of faith, this book cannot fail to be most interesting to Catholics. The style is easy and enjoyable."—*Tablet*. "In every line of the book we find a vigour and freshness of mind, combined with a maturity of judgment on the great question at issue."—*Wexford People*.

Two Years in the Pontifical Zouaves. By Joseph Powel, Z.P. With 4 Engravings. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"It affords us much pleasure, and deserves the notice of the Catholic public."—*Tablet*. "Familiar names meet the eye on every page, and as few Catholic circles in either country have not had a friend or relative at one time or another serving in the Pontifical Zouaves, the history of the formation of the corps, of the gallant youths, their sufferings, and their troubles, will be valued as something more than a contribution to modern Roman history."—*Freeman's Journal*.

---

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

**Rome and her Captors.** Letters collected and edited by Count Henri d'Ideville, and translated by F. R. Wegg-Prosser. Cr. 8vo. 4s.

"The letters describe the attempted capture of Rome by Garibaldi; and the tissue of events which brought about in 1870 the seizure of Rome by Victor Emanuel."—*Dublin Review*. "A series of letters graphically depicting the course of political events in Italy, and showing in its true light the dishonesty of the Piedmontese government, the intrigues of Prussia, and the ill-treatment to which the Pope has been subjected. We most cordially recommend the volume to our readers."—*Church Herald*. "One of the most opportune contributions that could be made to popular literature."—*Cork Examiner*. "We have read the book carefully, and have found it full of interest."—*Catholic Opinion*.

**Personal Recollections of Rome.** By W. J. Jacob, Esq., late of the Pontifical Zouaves. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

"An interesting description of the Eternal City . . . The value of the Pamphlet is enhanced by a catena of authorities on the Temporal Power."—*Tablet*. "All will read it with pleasure, and many to their profit."—*Weekly Register*. "We cordially recommend an attentive perusal of Mr. Jacob's book."—*Nation*.

**To Rome and Back.** Fly-leaves from a Flying Tour.

Edited by W. H. Anderdon, S.J. 12mo., 2s.

'Graphic and vigorous sketches. As Father Anderdon says, Truly they have their special interest, by reason of date no less than of place and scene. 'To Rome and Back' refers to Rome and back at the time of the Papal Jubilee. It is as beautiful a celebration of that memorable event as has anywhere appeared."—*Weekly Register*. "We note in the Authoress a power of condensing a description in a bold and striking metaphor. There is all a woman's quickness and keenness of perception, and a power of sympathy with the noble, the beautiful, and the true."—*The Month*. "A charming book. . . . Besides pleasant description, there is evidence of much thought in parts of the book."—*Dublin Review*.

**The First Apostles of Europe.** The 2nd Edition of "The Conversion of the Teutonic Race." By Mrs. Hope. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 10s.

"Mrs. Hope has quite grasped the general character of the Teutonic nations and their true position with regard to Rome and the world in general. . . . It is a great thing to find a writer of a book of this class so clearly grasping and so boldly setting forth truths, which familiar as they are to scholars, are still utterly unknown—or worse than unknown, utterly misconceived—by most of the writers of our smaller literature."—*Saturday Review*. "A brilliant and compact history of the Germans, Franks, and the various tribes of the former Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, who jointly formed the Anglo-Saxon, or, more correctly, English people. . . . Many of the episodes and notices of the Apostolic Missionaries, as well as the general story, are very happily and gracefully conveyed."—*Northern Star*. "This is a real addition to our Catholic literature."—*Tablet*. "In the first place it is good in itself, possessing

considerable literary merit ; then it fills up a blank, which has never yet been occupied, to the generality of readers, and lastly and beyond all, it forms one of the few Catholic books brought out in this country which are not translations or adaptations from across the Channel. It is a growth of individual intellectual labour, fed from original sources, and fused by the polish of a cultivated and discerning mind."—*Dublin Review*. "Mrs. Hope's historical works are always valuable."—*Weekly Register*. "A very valuable work . . . Mrs. Hope has compiled an original history, which gives constant evidence of great erudition, and sound historical judgment."—*The Month*. "This is a most taking book : it is solid history and romance in one."—*Catholic Opinion*. "It is carefully, and in many parts beautifully written, and the account of the Irish monks is most instructive and interesting."—*Universe*.

BY ARTHUR AND T. W. M. MARSHALL.

Comedy of Convocation in the English Church.

Edited by Archdeacon Chasuble, D.D. 2s. 6d.

The Oxford Undergraduate of Twenty Years Ago :  
his Religion, his Studies, his Antics. By a  
Bachelor of Arts. 2s. 6d. ; cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The writing is full of brilliancy and point."—*Tablet*. "It will deservedly attract attention, not only by the briskness and liveliness of its style, but also by the accuracy of the picture which it probably gives of an individual experience."—*The Month*.

The Infallibility of the Pope. A Lecture. 8vo. 1s.

"A splendid lecture, by one who thoroughly understands his subject, and in addition is possessed of a rare power of language in which to put before others what he himself knows so well."—*Universe*. "There are few writers so well able to make things plain and intelligible as the author of 'The Comedy of Convocation.' . . . The lecture is a model of argument and style."—*Register*.

Reply to the Bishop of Ripon's Attack on the Catholic Church. 6d.

The Harmony of Anglicanism. Report of a Conference on Church Defence. 2s. 6d.

"'Church Defence' is characterised by the same caustic irony, the same good-natured satire, the same logical acuteness which distinguished its predecessor, the 'Comedy of Convocation.' . . . A more scathing bit of irony we have seldom met with."—*Tablet*. "Clever, humorous, witty, learned, written by a keen but sarcastic observer of the Establishment, it is calculated to make defenders wince as much as it is to make all others smile."—*Nonconformist*.

Marshalliana—The above 5 pamphlets in one volume, 426 pages, 8vo., published at 10s. in paper covers, now offered for 6s. in cloth.

---

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

Holy Places ; their Sanctity and Authenticity. By the Rev. Fr. Philpin. With Maps. Crown 8vo. 6s.; cheap edition, 2s. 6d.

"Fr. Philpin weighs the comparative value of extraordinary, ordinary, and natural evidence, and gives an admirable summary of the witness of the early centuries regarding the holy places of Jerusalem, with archæological and architectural proofs. It is a complete treatise of the subject."—*Month*. "The author treats his subject with a thorough system, and a competent knowledge."—*Church Herald*.

### Dramas, Comedies, Farces.

The Violet Sellers. Drama in Three Acts. *Children*. 6d.

Whittington and his Cat. Drama in Nine Scenes. *Children*. 6d.

St. Eustace. A Drama in Five Acts. *Male*. 1s.

St. William of York. A Drama in Two Acts. *Male*. 6d.

He would be a Lord. Comedy in Three Acts. *Male*. 2s.

He would be a Soldier. Comedy in 2 Acts. *Male*. 6d.

The Enchanted Violin. Comedy in Two Acts. *Male*. 6d.

Darby the Dodger. Comic Drama in Four Acts. *Mixed*. 1s.

Finola. An Opera, from Moore's Melodies, in Four Acts. 1s.

Shandy Maguire. A Farce in Two Acts. *Male*. 2s.

The Duchess Transformed. A Comedy in One Act. By W. H. A. *Female*. 6d.

The Reverse of the Medal. A Drama in Four Acts. *Female*. 6d.

Ernscliff Hall : or, Two Days Spent with a Great-Aunt. A Drama in Three Acts. *Female*. 6d.

Filiola. A Drama in Four Acts. *Female*. 6d.

The Convert Martyr ; or, Dr. Newman's "Callista," dramatised by Dr. Husenbeth. 2s.

Shakespeare. Tragedies and Comedies. Expurgated edition for Schools. By Rosa Baughan. 6s. Comedies, in a separate volume, 3s. 6d.

Road to Heaven. A game for family parties, 1s. & 2s.

R. Washbourne, 13 Paternoster Row, London,



# R. WASHBOURNE'S

## Catalogue of Books from America.

---

	s. d.
<b>Adventures of a Casquet, The</b> ... ..	2 6
<b>Alba's Dream, and other Stories</b> ... ..	6 0
<b>Alvareda Family, The, and other Stories</b> ( <i>Perico</i> ) ... ..	6 0
<b>Alice Harmon, and other Tales.</b> By an "Exile of Erin" ... ..	5 0
<b>Amulet, The.</b> By Conscience ... ..	4 0
<b>Anecdotes, Catholic.</b> By Mrs. J. Sadlier. 3 vols. ... ..	11 0
<b>Anthony; or, the Silver Crucifix</b> ... ..	2 6
<b>Apostleship of Prayer.</b> By Rev. H. Ramière ... ..	6 0
<b>Arianism and the Council of Nice</b> ( <i>Thalia</i> ) ... ..	6 0
<b>Ars Rhetorica.</b> Auctore R. P. Martino du Cygne ... ..	3 0
<b>Assunta Howard, and other Stories and Sketches...</b> ... ..	6 0
<b>Barbara Leigh.</b> A Christmas Sketch. By A. L. S. ... ..	3 0
<b>Bertha; or, The Consequence of a Fault</b> ... ..	2 6
<b>Better Part, The.</b> A Tale from Real Life ... ..	2 6
<b>Bible.</b> Large 4to., morocco elegant, with clasps ... ..	72 0
<b>Bible.</b> 4to., morocco ... ..	34 0
<b>Bible.</b> 8vo., morocco, 25s.; persian calf ... ..	21 0
<b>Bible.</b> 18mo., cloth, 6s.; persian calf 8s. & 9s.; morocco, 11s. 6d. & 18s.; calf ... ..	20 0
<b>Bible History for the Use of Catholic Schools.</b> By a Teacher. Illustrated ... ..	5 0
<b>Bible History for the Use of Schools.</b> By Rev. R. Gilmour. Illustrated ... ..	2 0
<b>Blanche de Marsilly.</b> An Episode of the Revolution ... ..	2 6
<b>Blessed Virgin in North America, Devotion to.</b> By Fr. Macleod ... ..	5 0
<b>Blessed Virgin, Life of the.</b> By Rt. Rev. A. P. Dupanloup, and others. Illustrated. ... ..	10 6
<b>Burgomaster's Daughter</b> ( <i>Strange</i> ) ... ..	2 6
<b>Cantiones Sacrae.</b> By Fr. Mohr ... ..	5 0
<b>Captain Rougemont; or, the Miraculous Conversion</b> ... ..	2 6
<b>Cassilda; or, The Moorish Princess of Toledo</b> ... ..	2 6
<b>Catholic Directory for the United States, Ireland and England.</b> 6s.; cloth ... ..	8 0
<b>Catholic Keepsake.</b> A Gift Book for all Seasons ... ..	5 0
<b>Catholic Youth's Library, 6 vols.</b> ... ..	12 0
Or separately; <i>Mysterious Beggar</i> , 2s. 6d.; <i>The Recluse</i> , 2s. 6d.; <i>The Two Brothers</i> , 2s. 6d.; <i>Young Flower Maker</i> , 2s. 6d.; <i>The Leper's Son</i> , 2s. 6d.; <i>The Dumb Boy</i> , 2s. 6d.	

---

*R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

	s.	d.
<b>Catholicity in the Carolinas and Georgia.</b> By Rev. Dr. J. J. O'Connell, O.S.B. ...	12	0
<b>Christian Mother—The Education of her Children and her Prayer.</b> From the German of Rev. W. Cramer ...	3	0
<b>Christmas for our dear Little Ones, The First.</b> Illustrated ...	6	0
<b>Church History.</b> By Alzog. 3 vols. 8vo. ...	60	0
<b>Church History.</b> By Darras. 4 vols., 8vo. ...	48	0
<b>Church History, Compendium of.</b> By Noethen ...	8	0
<b>Church and the Gentile World at the First Promulgation of the Gospel.</b> By Rev. A. J. Thébaud, S.J. 3 vols. ...	24	0
<b>Communion, Holy.</b> By Hubert Lebon ...	4	0
<b>Conscience's Works,</b> 8 vols. ...	32	0
Or separately: The Amulet, 4s.; The Conscript and Blind Rosa, 4s.; Count Hugo, 4s.; The Fisherman's Daughter, 4s.; Happiness of Being Rich, 4s.; Ludovic and Gertrude, 4s.; The Village Innkeeper, 4s.; The Young Doctor, 4s.		
<b>Conscript and Blind Rosa.</b> By Conscience ...	4	0
<b>Consequence of a Fault</b> ( <i>Bertha</i> ) ...	2	0
<b>Convert, The; or, Leaves from My Experience.</b> By O. A. Brownson... ..	8	0
<b>Cook Book for Lent</b> (suited to all Seasons of the Year) ...	1	0
<b>Counsels for each Day in the Week</b> ( <i>Friendly</i> ) ...	0	6
<b>Count Hugo, of Graenhove.</b> By Conscience ...	4	0
<b>Crown of Heaven, The.</b> From the German of Stoeger ...	6	0
<b>Crown of Thorns, Mystery of.</b> By a Passionate Father ...	5	0
<b>Daily Monitor</b> ( <i>Friendly</i> ) ...	0	6
<b>Dalaradia; or, The Days of King Milcho.</b> By W. Collins ...	5	0
<b>Divine Paraclete.</b> Sermons. By Rev. T. S. Preston ...	5	0
<b>Divine Sanctuary, The.</b> A Series of Meditations upon the Litany of the Sacred Heart. By the Rev. T. S. Preston ...	4	0
<b>Divinity of Christ, The.</b> By Rt. Rev. Dr. Rosecrans ...	2	6
<b>Donna Dolores</b> ( <i>King's</i> ) ...	4	0
<b>Dumb Boy</b> ( <i>Catholic Youth</i> ) ...	2	6
<b>Ecclesiastical Law, Elements of.</b> By Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D. ...	18	0
<b>Emerald Gems.</b> Irish Fireside Tales ...	6	0
<b>Epistles and Gospels, Explanation of.</b> By Goffine ...	9	0
<b>Ethel Hamilton.</b> By Anna T. Sadlier ...	3	0
<b>European Civilization, Protestantism and Catholicity Compared.</b> By Balmes ...	12	0
<b>Evidences of Catholicity.</b> By Archbishop Spalding ...	12	0
<b>Evidences of Religion.</b> By L. Jouin, S.J. ...	6	0

*R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

	s.	d.
<b>Faith of Our Fathers, The</b> ; being a Plain Exposition and Vindication of the Church Founded by our Lord Jesus Christ. By the Most Rev. Archbishop Gibbons ...	4	0
Cheap edition, in paper covers, 2s.		
<b>Fickle Fortune.</b> A Story of Place La Grève. By Christine Faber ...	4	0
<b>Fisherman's Daughter, The.</b> By Conscience ...	4	0
<b>Four Seasons, The.</b> By Rev. J. W. Vahey ...	4	0
<b>Francis Xavier (St.), Life of.</b> From the Italian of Bartoli and Maffei ...	8	0
<b>Friendly Voice</b> ; or, the Daily Monitor ...	0	6
<b>Future of Catholic Peoples.</b> — Protestant and Catholic Civilization Compared. By Baron de Haulleville ...	6	0
<b>Genius of Christianity.</b> By Chateaubriand ...	10	6
<b>God our Father.</b> By a Father of the Society of Jesus ...	4	0
<b>Golden Sands.</b> ("Paillettes d'Or.") A Collection of Little Counsels for the Sanctification and Happiness of Daily Life. First and Second Series, each ...	4	0
<b>Good Thoughts for Priests and People</b> ; or, Short Meditations for every Day in the Year. By Rev. T. Noethen ...	8	0
<b>Great-Grandmother's Secret, The</b> ...	2	6
<b>Greetings to the Christ Child.</b> Illustrated ...	4	0
<b>Gretchen's Gift</b> ; or, A Noble Sacrifice. By A. I. S. ...	3	0
<b>Guardian Angel, Memoirs of a.</b> By the Abbé Chardon ...	4	0
<b>Happiness of Being Rich.</b> By Conscience ...	4	0
<b>Happiness of Heaven.</b> By a Father of the Society of Jesus ...	4	0
<b>History, Compendium of.</b> By Kerney ...	5	6
<b>Hours with the Sacred Heart</b> ...	2	0
<b>Hymns and Chants.</b> By Fr. Mohr ( <i>Cantiones</i> ) ...	5	0
<b>Indian Sketches.</b> By Rev. P. J. De Smet, S.J. ...	2	6
<b>Intellectual Philosophy, Elements of.</b> By Rev. J. De Concilio ...	6	0
<b>Invitation Heeded</b> ; Reasons for a return to Catholic Unity. By James Kent Stone ...	6	0
<b>Irish Fireside Tales</b> ( <i>Emerald</i> ) ...	6	0
<b>Irish Martyrs and Confessors, Lives of.</b> By Myles O'Reilly ; and History of the Penal Laws. By Rev. R. Brennan ...	12	6
<b>Jesuits ! The.</b> By Paul Feval ...	3	6
<b>Joint Venture, The</b> ; a Tale in Two Lands ...	5	0
<b>King's Page, The</b> , and other Stories. By Anna T. Sadlier. Cloth, gilt edges ...	4	0
<b>Knowledge and Love of Jesus Christ.</b> From the French of St. Jure, S.J. 3 vols. ...	31	6

*R. Washbourne, 18, Paternoster Row, London.*

	s.	d.
<b>Leo XIII., Life and Acts of.</b> With a Sketch of the Last Days of Pius IX. Edited by Rev. J. E. Keller, S.J. Illustrated	8	0
<b>Legend of the Moorish Wars in Spain</b> ( <i>King's</i> ) ...	4	0
<b>Leper's Son</b> ( <i>Catholic Youth's</i> ) ...	2	6
<b>Letters of a Young Irishwoman to her Sister</b> ...	6	0
<b>Life Pictures, &amp;c.</b> ( <i>Ethel</i> ) ...	3	0
<b>Lights and Shadows of the War of Independence</b> ( <i>Ethel</i> )	3	0
<b>Liguori (St.), Life of.</b> Translated by a Member of the Order of Mercy ...	10	0
<b>Literature, An Essay Contributing to a Philosophy of</b> '...	6	0
<b>Literature, Student's Handbook of British and American.</b> By Rev. O. L. Jenkins ...	10	6
<b>Little Orator, and other Tales</b> ...	1	0
<b>Little Treatise on the Little Virtues.</b> By Fr. Roberti, S.J.	2	0
<b>Little Treatise on Little Sufferings</b> ...	1	6
<b>Lives of the Saints.</b> By Butler. 4 vols., 8vo., 32s.; gilt, 50s.; leather, 64s.; or bound in 2 vols., 8vo., 28s.; gilt ...	36	0
<b>Lives of the Saints for every Day in the Year.</b> By Rev. F. X. Weninger, S.J. Illustrated. 2 vols., 50s.; or in 12 vols. ...	50	0
<b>Lives of the Saints, Pictorial, with Reflection for Every Day in the Year</b> ...	15	
<b>Lives of Patron Saints.</b> Illustrated ( <i>Patron</i> ) ...	10	0
<b>Lost Son, The.</b> By Mrs. J. Sadlier ...	3	0
<b>Louisa Kirkbride.</b> A Tale of New York. By Rev. A. J. Thébaud, S.J. Illustrated ...	10	6
<b>Louise Lateau. A Visit to Bois d'Haine.</b> By Francis R. Howe ...	6	0
<b>Louise Sighouin, Life of</b> ( <i>Indian</i> ) ...	2	6
<b>Ludovic and Gertrude.</b> By Conscience ...	4	0
<b>Maddalena, The Orphan of the Via Appia</b> ...	4	0
<b>Marcelle.</b> A True Story ...	2	6
<b>Mary, The Knowledge of.</b> By Rev. J. de Concilio ...	6	0
<b>Mary Magdalene (St.), Life of.</b> By Rev. T. S. Preston ...	2	6
<b>Mass (The). History of.</b> By Rev. J. O'Brien ...	9	0
<b>Mass (The). The Holy Sacrifice for the Living and the Dead.</b> By Michael Müller, C.S.S.R. ...	10	6
<b>Maxims, from an Unpublished M.S. of Fr. Segneri, S.J. (Little)</b> ...	2	0
<b>Medicine, Pastoral.</b> By Dr. Carl Capellmann, translated by Rev. W. Dassel ...	6	0
<b>Meditations for every Day in the Year.</b> By Rev. T. Noethen ( <i>Good</i> ) ...	8	0
<b>Meditations, Devout.</b> By Crasset. Translated by Dorsey	8	0

	s.	d.
<b>Milcho (King.)</b> <i>Dalaradia</i> ... ..	5	0
<b>Miraculous Conversion</b> ( <i>Captain</i> ) ... ..	2	6
<b>Moorish Princess of Toledo</b> ( <i>Cassilda</i> ) ... ..	2	6
<b>More</b> (Sir Thomas). An Historical Romance. From the French of the <i>Princesse de Craon</i> . By Mrs. Monroe	6	0
<b>Mother of Washington</b> , and other Tales. ... ..	1	0
<b>Mysterious Beggar</b> ( <i>Catholic Youth's</i> ) ... ..	2	6
<b>Mysterious Castle, The.</b> A Tale of the Middle Ages ...	6	0
<b>Novitiate, Souvenir of the</b> ... ..	4	0
<b>O'Mahony, The, Chief of the Comeraghs.</b> A Tale of the Rebellion of '98. By D. P. Conyngham ... ..	6	0
<b>Only a Walf.</b> By R. A. Braendle ('Pips') ... ..	5	0
<b>Ordinations according to the Roman Pontificals, Rite of.</b> In Latin and English. By Rev. J. S. M. Lynch ...	4	6
<b>Orphan of the Via Appia</b> ( <i>Maddalena</i> ) ... ..	4	0
<b>Orphan of Alsace</b> ... ..	2	6
<b>Paradise of God</b> : or, the Virtues of the Sacred Heart ...	4	0
<b>Paradise on Earth</b> ... ..	2	6
<b>Path which led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church.</b> By P. H. Burnet ... ..	10	0
<b>Patron Saints.</b> By E. A. Starr. Illustrated ... ..	10	0
<b>Pearl among the Virtues, The.</b> By Rev. P. A. De Doss, S.J.	3	0
<b>Pedro's Daughter</b> ( <i>King's</i> ) ... ..	4	0
<b>Penal Laws, History of</b> ( <i>Irish Martyrs</i> ) ... ..	12	6
<b>Perico the Sad</b> ; or, the Alvareda Family, and other Stories	6	0
<b>Philomena (St.), Life and Miracles of</b> ... ..	2	6
<b>Philosophy, Elements of</b> , comprising Logic and General Principles of Metaphysics. By Rev. Fr. Hill, S.J. ...	6	0
<b>Philosophy, Ethics, or Moral.</b> By W. H. Hill, S.J. ...	6	0
<b>Pius IX., Last Days of</b> ( <i>Leo</i> ) ... ..	8	0
<b>Priest of Auvrigny, The, etc.</b> ... ..	2	6
<b>Protestant Reformation.</b> By Archbishop Spalding. 2 vols., 21s. Cheap edition in 1 vol. ... ..	14	0
<b>Protestant Reformation, Anglicanism and Ritualism.</b> By Rev. T. S. Preston ... ..	6	0
<b>Protestant and Catholic Civilization Compared</b> ( <i>Future</i> )	6	0
<b>Raphaela</b> ; or, the History of a Young Girl who would not take advice. By Mlle. Monnot ... ..	6	0
<b>Ravignan (Fr.), S. J., Life of.</b> By Fr. de Ponlevoy ...	9	0
<b>Recluse, The</b> ( <i>Catholic Youth's</i> ) ... ..	2	6
<b>Rituale Romanum.</b> The beautiful 8vo. edition printed by Murphy, of Baltimore. Paper, 16s. ; morocco ...	25	0
<b>Rosary, The.</b> The Devotion of the Holy Rosary and the Five Scapulars. By Rev. M. Müller, C.S.S.R. ...	6	6

*R. Washbourne, 18, Paternoster Row, London.*

	s.	d.
<b>Sacred Chant, Manual of.</b> By Fr. Mohr ... ..	2	6
<b>Sacred Heart, Devotions to.</b> By Rev. S. Franco, S.J. ...	4	0
Cheap edition, in paper covers, 2s.		
<b>Sacred Heart, Hours with</b> ... ..	2	0
<b>Sacred Heart, Devotions to</b> ( <i>Little</i> ) ... ..	2	0
<b>Sacred Heart, Virtues of.</b> By Père Boudreaux, S.J. ( <i>Paradise</i> )... ..	4	0
<b>Scapulars (Five), The Devotion of.</b> By Rev. M. Müller ( <i>Rosary</i> ) ... ..	6	6
<b>Sermon at the Month's Mind</b> of Most Rev. Abp. Spalding	1	0
<b>Sermons. Divine Paraclete.</b> By Rev. T. S. Preston ...	5	0
<b>Sermons (Five Minutes) for all the Sundays in the Year.</b> By the Paulists ... ..	6	0
<b>Sermons and Lectures.</b> By the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O.P. (Author's complete edition.) 2 vols. ...	24	0
<b>Sermons and Lectures</b> of Rev. T. N. Burke, O.P., since his departure from America ... ..	12	0
<b>Sermons, One Hundred Short.</b> By Rev. Fr. Thomas ...	12	0
<b>Sermons on Our Lord, the B.V.M., and Moral Subjects.</b> By Cardinal Wiseman. 2 vols. ... ..	16	0
<b>Sermons (53), Preached in the Albany County Peni- tentiary.</b> By Rev. T. Noethen ... ..	5	0
<b>Sermons, Lectures, Addresses, and Letters</b> of Rev. Dr. D. W. Cahill ... ..	12	0
<b>Sisters of Charity, Manual of</b> ... ..	6	0
<b>Six Sunny Months, and other Stories</b> ... ..	6	0
<b>Society of Jesus, History of.</b> By Daurignac ... ..	10	0
<b>Songs, Legends, and Ballads.</b> By J. B. O'Reilly ...	6	0
<b>Spalding (Archbishop), Life of</b> ... ..	10	6
<b>Spalding's (Abp.) Works.</b> 5 vols. ... ..	52	6
Or separately: Evidences of Catholicity, 12s. Miscel- lanea, 2 vols., 21s.; Protestant Reformation, 2 vols., 21s.; cheap edition, 1 vol., 14s.		
<b>Spiritual Man, The.</b> By the Rev. J. B. Saint-Jure, S.J. ...	6	0
<b>States of the Christian Life and Vocation.</b> By Rev. J. Berthier ... ..	5	0
<b>Strange Village, and other Stories</b> ... ..	2	6
<b>Stray Leaves from a Passing Life, and other Stories</b> ...	6	0
<b>Tangled Paths.</b> By Mrs. A. H. Dorsey ... ..	8	0
<b>Thalia; or, Arianism and the Council of Nice.</b> An Historical Tale of the Fourth Century. By the Abbé A. Bayle ...	6	0
<b>Theologia Moralis S. Alphonsi Compendium.</b> Auctore A. Konings, C.S.S.R. 2 vols. in 1, half-morocco ...	30	0
Unbound ... ..	24	0

	s.	d.
<b>Truce of God.</b> A Tale of the XI. Century. By Miles ...	4	0
<b>True Men as We Need Them.</b> A Book of Instruction for Men in the World. By Rev. B. O'Reilly ...	10	6
<b>Two Brothers</b> ( <i>Catholic Youth's</i> ) ...	2	6
<b>Two Brides.</b> A Tale. By Rev. B. O'Reilly ...	6	0
<b>Ubaldo and Irene.</b> An Historical Romance. From the Italian of Rev. Fr. Antonio Bresciani, S.J. 2 vols. ...	16	0
<b>Vacation Days.</b> A Book for Young Girls in Vacation. By the author of "Golden Sands" ...	4	0
<b>Village Innkeeper, The.</b> By Conscience ...	4	0
<b>Village Steeple, The.</b> A Tale ...	2	6
<b>Visits to the Blessed Sacrament</b> ( <i>Friendly</i> ) ...	0	6
<b>What Catholics do not Believe.</b> By Bishop Ryan ...	1	0
<b>Wiseman's (Cardinal) Essays.</b> 6 vols. ...	36	0
<b>Wiseman's (Cardinal) Sermons on Our Lord and B. V. M., and Moral Subjects.</b> 2 vols. ...	16	0
<b>Young Doctor.</b> By Conscience... ...	4	0
<b>Young Flower-Maker</b> ( <i>Catholic Youth's</i> ) ...	2	6

## D R A M A S, etc.

<b>Babbler, The.</b> A Drama in One Act. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. <i>Male</i>	1	0
<b>Double Triumph, The.</b> Dramatized from the Story of Placidus in the "Martyrs of the Coliseum." By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly. <i>Male</i> ...	2	0
<b>Elder Brother, The.</b> A Drama in Two Acts. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. <i>Male</i> ...	1	0
<b>Fanny Allen, The First American Nun.</b> A Drama in Five Acts. By Marie Josephine. <i>Female</i> ...	1	0
<b>Invisible Hand, The.</b> A Drama in Three Acts. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. <i>Male</i> ...	1	0
<b>Julia ; or, The Gold Thimble.</b> A Drama in One Act. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. <i>Female</i> ...	1	0
<b>Knights of the Cross, The.</b> A Sacred Drama in Three Acts. <i>Male</i> ...	2	0
<b>Laurence and Xystus ; or, the Illustrious Roman Martyrs.</b> A Sacred Drama in Five Acts. <i>Male</i> ...	2	0
<b>Major John Andre.</b> An Historical Drama, Five Acts. <i>Male</i>	2	0
<b>St. Helena ; or, the Finding of the Holy Cross.</b> A Drama in Three Acts. By Rev. J. A. Bergrath. <i>Female</i> ...	1	6
<b>St. Louis in Chains.</b> A Drama in Five Acts. <i>Male</i> ...	2	0
<b>Secret, The.</b> A Drama in One Act. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. <i>Female</i> ...	1	0
<b>Sylvia ; and other Dramas for the Young.</b> By a Sister of Charity ...	6	0

*R. Washbourn, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

*For the convenience of purchasers the following books referred to in the previous pages are arranged according to price:*

**6d.**

The Brigand Chief, and other Tales  
The Martyr's Children and other Tales  
What a Child can Do, and other Tales  
Sowing Wild Oats, and other Tales  
The Two Hosts, and other Tales  
The Lost Children of Mount St. Bernard  
The Baker's Boy; or, the Results of Industry  
A Broken Chain  
Life of Paul Seignerët  
Prince and Saviour  
Mary Christina of Savoy  
Count de Montalembert  
Pope Pius IX. By White  
Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes

The Golden Thought of Queen Beryl; The Brother's Grave  
The Rod that Bore Blossoms; Patience and Impatience  
Clare's Sacrifice  
Nellie Gordon, the Factory Girl  
Fairy Tales for Little Children  
Schmid's, The Canary Bird  
———— The Dove  
———— The Inundation  
———— The Rose Tree  
———— The Water Jug  
———— The Wooden Cross  
Sir Ælfric, and other Tales  
Adolphus; or, the Good Son  
Nicholas; or, the Reward of a Good Action  
Keighley Hall, and other Tales  
Various Dramas

**1s.**

The Fairy Ching  
The Two Friends  
Yellow Holly, and other Tales  
Tableaux Vivants, and other Tales  
Wet Days, and other Tales  
The Feasts of Camelot. 2 vols.  
The Bells of the Sanctuary  
Bessy; or, the Fatal Consequence of Telling Lies  
Tom's Crucifix, and Pat's Rosary  
Good for Evil, and Joe Ryan's Repentance  
The Old Prayer Book, and Charlie Pearson's Medal  
Catherine's Promise, and Norah's Temptation  
Annie's First Prayer, and Only a Picture  
Schmid's Canary Bird (gilt)  
———— Dove (gilt)  
———— Inundation (gilt)  
———— Rose Tree (gilt)  
———— Water Jug (gilt)  
———— Wooden Cross (gilt)  
St. Patrick  
St. Bridget and other Saints of Ireland

Bertram Eldon  
Story of a Paper Knife  
Terry O'Flinn  
The Village Lily  
The Angels and the Sacraments  
Fairy Tales for Little Children  
Rosalie; or, The Memoirs of a French Child  
Sir Ælfric and other Tales  
Keighley Hall, and other Tales  
Little Orator, and other Tales  
Mother of Washington, and other Tales  
Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Revelations of Ireland [Ward  
Story of an Orange Lodge  
Diary of a Confessor of the Faith  
Countess Adelstan  
Paul Seigneret  
Life, Passion, Death, and Resurrection of Our Lord  
St. Edmund of Canterbury  
Our Lady of Lourdes  
The Ever Blessed Virgin  
The Victories of Rome  
The Infallibility of the Pope  
Cardinal Wiseman



**Little Books of St. Nicholas. Tales for Children. By F. B. BICKERSTAFFE DREW. 1s. each.**

1. Oremus ; 2. Dominus Vobiscum ; 3. Pater Noster ; 4. Per Jesum Christum ; 5. Veni Creator ; 6. Credo ; 7. Ave Maria ; 8. Ora pro nobis ; 9. Corpus Christi ; 10. Dei Genitrix ; 11. Requiem ; 12. Miserere ; 13. Deo Gratias ; 14. Guardian Angel.

**1s. 6d.**

The Golden Thought and other Tales	Catherine's Promise, and Norah's Temptation (gilt)
The Fairy Ching (gilt)	Legends of the XIIIth Century. 3 volumes each, 1s. 6d.
The Two Friends (gilt)	The Village Lily (gilt)
Yellow Holly, and other Tales (gilt)	Fairy Tales for Little Children
Tableaux Vivants, and other Tales (gilt)	The Memoirs of a French Child
Wet Days and other Tales (gilt)	Sir Ælfric and other Tales (gilt)
A Daughter of S. Dominick	Last of the Catholic O'Malleys
The Fatal Consequence of Telling Lies	Keighley Hall and other Tales
Tom's Crucifix, and Pat's Rosary (gilt)	Margarethe Verflassen
Annie's First Prayer, and Only a Picture (gilt)	Terry O'Flinn
Good for Evil, and Joe Ryan's Repentance (gilt)	Sophia and Eulalie—Catholic Pilgrim's Progress
The Old Prayer Book, and Charlie Pearson's Medal (gilt)	The Kishoge Papers
	Paul Seigneret
	S. Edmund of Canterbury
	Cardinal Wiseman
	Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes
	Personal Recollections of Rome

**2s.**

Bellevue and its Owners	Bible History. Illustrated
To Rome and Back	Rosalie ; or, the Memoirs of a French Child (gilt)
A Daughter of St. Dominick (gilt)	Last of the Catholic O'Malleys
Bessy ; or, the Fatal Consequences of Telling Lies (gilt)	Keighley Hall, and other Tales (gilt)
Terry O'Flinn (gilt)	The Artist of Collingwood
The Adventures of a Protestant in Search of a Religion	Life of St. Wenefred
Fairy Tales for Little Children (gilt)	Paul Seigneret (gilt)
	A Month at Lourdes

**2s. 6d.**

Bible Stories from the Old Test.	Catherine Grown Older
The Monk of the Monastery of Yuste (Charles V.)	Simple Tales [a Fault Bertha ; or the Consequences of Farleyes of Farleye
My Golden Days	Sir Humphrey's Trial
Life in Iceland	Eagle and Dove
Cassilda ; or, the Moorish Princess of Toledo	Tales and Sketches
Captain Rougemont ; or, the Miraculous Conversion	Recollections of the Reign of Terror
The Three Wishes	Story of the Life of St. Paul
Catherine Hamilton	Countess Adelstan

*R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

**2s. 6d.** (continued).

Recollections of Card. Wiseman	Great-Grandmother's Secret
Prince and Saviour	The Leper's Son
Stephen Langton	Marcelle
Venerable Anna Maria Taigi	Life of St. Mary Magdalene
Father Mathew	The Mysterious Beggar
Holy Places	The Orphan of Alsace
Comedy of Convocation	Life of St. Philomena
Oxford Undergraduate	The Priest of Auvrigny
Harmony of Anglicanism	The Recluse
The Adventures of a Casquet	Strange Village and other Stories
Anthony; or, the Silver Crucifix	The Two Brothers
The Better Part	The Village Steeple
Blanche de Marsilly	The Young Flower Maker
The Burgomaster's Daughter	Sister Mary Frances of the Five Wounds
The Dumb Boy	

**3s.**

True Wayside Tales	Chats about the Commandments
Gathered Gems from Spanish Authors	Cistercian Legends
The Battle of Connemara	Chats about the Rosary
Industry and Laziness	Margarethe Verflassen
Catherine Hamilton (gilt)	Pearl among the Virtues
Catherine Grown Older (gilt)	Little Hunchback
Rupert Aubray	Barbara Leigh
Story of Marie and other Tales (gilt)	Ethel Hamilton
Percy Grange	Gretchen's Gift
	The Lost Son

**3s. 6d.**

Jack's Boy	Stories of Martyr Priests
The Conquest of Grenada	Legends of the Saints
The Catholic Pilgrim's Progress	Stories of the Saints. 1st Series
From Sunrise to Sunset	Stories of the Saints. 2nd Series
Rest, on the Cross	Stories of the Saints. 3rd Series
The Feast of Camelot	Stories of the Saints. 4th Series
Tales from many Lands	Stories of the Saints. 5th Series
Canon Schmid's Tales	Stories of Holy Lives
Tim O'Halloran's Choice	Blessed Giovanni Columbini
Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales	Sister Mary Cherubina Clare
Fluffy: a Tale for Boys	Gregory Lopez, the Hermit
The Adventures of a Protestant in Search of a Religion	St. Columbkille
The Barrys of Beigh	Ven. Canori Mora
Margarethe Verflassen (gilt)	The History of the Blessed Virgin
The Heroine of Vesuvius	History of the Italian Revolution
Tales and Sketches (gilt)	Two Years in the Pontifical Zouaves
St. German	The Oxford Undergraduate of Twenty Years Ago
St. Francis of Assisi	Shakespeare's Comedies
Festival Tales	The Jesuits. By Paul Feval
Life in the Cloister	

**4s.**

Conscience's, The Amulet  
 The Young Doctor  
 The Fisherman's Daughter  
 Count Hugo  
 The Conscript and Blind Rosa  
 The Village Innkeeper  
 Happiness of Being Rich  
 Lučovic and Gertrude  
 Cloister Legends  
 The Truce of God  
 The Prussian Spy  
 Memoirs of a Guardian Angel  
 Rome and her Captors

Fickle Fortune '1  
 The Four Seasons  
 Golden Sands. 1st Series  
 Golden Sands. 2nd Series  
 Greetings to the Christ Child  
 God our Father  
 The King's Page and other  
 Stories  
 Maddalena, the Orphan of the  
 Via Appia  
 Souvenir of the Novitiate  
 Vacation Days

**5s.**

The Days of King Milcho  
 Only a Waif  
 Father Benvenuto Bambozzi  
 Eagle and Dove  
 Limerick Veteran  
 The Victims of the Mammertine  
 Forty Years of American Life  
 Panegyrics of Father Segneri  
 Albertus Magnus  
 St. Vincent Ferrer  
 St. Bernardine of Siena  
 Catholic Keepsake

St. Philip Benizi  
 St. Veronica Giuliani  
 St. John of God  
 Venerable Anna Maria Taigi  
 Life of Our Lord  
 Devotion to Our Lady in North  
 America  
 Mgr. Weedall  
 Alice Harmon and other Tales  
 Bible History. Illustrated  
 The Joint Venture

**6s.**

Life of Mother Mary Jacqueline  
 Favre, and others  
 Life of Sister Claude Simplicienne  
 Fardel, and others  
 St. Patrick  
 St. Columba  
 St. Boniface  
 Holy Places  
 Marshalliana  
 Shakespeare. Expurgated edition  
 The First Christmas for our dear  
 Little Ones  
 Sir Thomas More  
 The Mysterious Castle  
 Perico the Sad and other Tales

The O'Mahony  
 Raphaela  
 Six Sunny Months and other  
 Stories  
 Songs, Legends, and Ballads  
 Stray Leaves and other Stories  
 Thalia. An Historical Tale  
 The Two Brides  
 Alba's Dream and other Stories  
 Assunta Howard and other  
 Stories  
 Emerald Gems  
 Letters of a Young Irishwoman  
 to her Sister  
 Louise Lateau

**4s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s.**

Lives of the Early Popes, 4s. 6d.  
 St. Angela Merici, 4s. 6d.  
 Père Lacordaire, 6s. 6d.  
 Cardinal Wolsey, 6s. 6d.

The Italian Revolution, 7s. 6d.  
 Tangled Paths. 8s.  
 Life of St. Francis Xavier. 8s.  
 Life and Acts of Leo XIII. 8s.

**9s. to 52s. 6d.**

Goffine's Explanation of the Epistles and Gospels. Illustrated. 9s.	Sir Thomas More. 10s. 6d.
Père Ravignan, 9s.	Catholic Anecdotes. 3 vols., 11s.
Life of St. Ligouri, 10s.	Lives of Irish Martyrs and Confessors. 12s. 6d.
The First Religious of the Visitation. 2 vols., 10s.	Spalding's Reformation, 14s.
The First Apostles of Europe. 2 vols., 10s.	Pictorial Lives of the Saints. 15s.
St. Patrick. 10s.	Ubaldo and Irene. An Historical Romance. 2 vols., 16s.
Patron Saints. 10s.	Lives of the Saints for every Day in the Year. 25s.
Life of the Blessed Virgin. Illustrated. 10s. 6d.	St. Jure's Knowledge and Love of Our Lord. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.
Genius of Christianity. 10s. 6d.	Darras' Church History. 4 vols., 48s.
Louisa Kirkbride. 10s. 6d.	Archbishop Spalding's Works. 5 vols., 52s. 6d.
True Men as we need them. 10s. 6d.	
Albertus Magnus. 10s. 6d.	

## HOLY FAMILY CARD OF MEMBERSHIP.

A Beautiful Design, expressly made for a pressing want.

All who have seen it admire it, and say Nothing equals it.

*Price 6d., or post free, on a roller, 8d. Twelve copies 4s. 6d., or 5s. post free.*

## FIRST COMMUNION CARD.

This is also a very Beautiful Design, and commends itself to all who have seen it. It is also arranged as a

### MEMENTO OF CONFIRMATION.

*Price 1s., or post free, on a roller, 1s. 3d. Twelve copies for 9s., or post free 9s. 6d.*

*R. Washbourné's COMPLETE Catalogue, post free.*

*R. Washbourné's Monthly List, post free.*

*R. Washbourné, 18, Paternoster Row, London.*

# R. WASHBOURNE'S

## POPULAR EDITION OF

# THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL,

### EDITED BY THE

## REV. R. G. DAVIS,

Of which in five years Twenty-five Thousand Copies have been sold.

This is the only edition that at the same time retains all the old familiar prayers that have made the GARDEN OF THE SOUL a household book, and yet contains all those devotions that are now of such constant use. The translations of the Psalms, &c., are taken from the Douay version, rendered most venerable by its use by our Catholic Ancestors. This edition of THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL is especially distinguished by bearing the IMPRIMATUR OF THE CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

This is the only full and complete edition published. Great care has been taken to clear away many errors and imperfections that are to be found in other editions. Amongst the many valuable additions, not before inserted in THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL, will be found the rites of administering the Sacraments in Latin and English, Devotions to the Sacred Heart, Devotion of the Quarant' Ore, the Prayers for a Journey, or Itinerary, Devotions to the Angel Guardians, The Way of the Cross, the Devotion of the Bona Mors, and many other devotions, and the Vespers in ordinary use. Especial attention is directed to the excellent paper and bold type used in the edition.

"This is one of the best editions we have seen of one of the best of all our Prayer Books. It is well printed in clear, large type, on good paper."—*Catholic Opinion*.

"A very complete arrangement of this which is emphatically the Prayer Book of every Catholic household. It is as cheap as it is good, and we heartily recommend it."—*Universe*.

"Two striking features are the admirable order displayed throughout the book, and the insertion of the Indulgences in small type above the Indulged Prayers. In the Devotions for Mass the editor has, with great discrimination, drawn largely on the Church's prayers as given us in the Missal."—*Weekly Register*.

Embossed, 1s.; 9s. a dozen. French morocco, 2s.; 18s. a dozen.

French morocco, extra gilt, 2s. 6d.; 23s. a dozen.

Any of the above can be had with rims and clasps, or with Epistles and Gospels, 6d. extra; or with Epistles and Gospels and rims, 1s. extra.

Calf or morocco, 4s., with clasp, 5s. 6d.

Calf or morocco, extra gilt, 5s., with clasp, 6s. 6d.

Morocco, with two patent clasps, 12s.

Morocco antique, with corners and two clasps, 18s.

Velvet, with rims and clasp, 8s., 10s. 6d., 13s.

Russia, with clasp, 10s., 12s. 6d.

Russia antique, with corners and two clasps, 20s.

Ivory, with rims and clasp, 12s. 6d., 16s., 20s., 22s. 6d.

Any of the above can be had with Epistles and Gospels, 6d. extra.

The Epistles and Gospels may be had separately, cloth, 6d., or 4s. 6d. per dozen; roan, 1s. 6d.

**The Little Garden**, with Epistles and Gospels, 6d. each, or 4s. 6d. per dozen. Better bound, 1s. and 1s. 6d., 2s. and 2s. 6d., &c., &c.

White imitation Ivory, for First Communion, 2s. 6d.

---

*R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*





